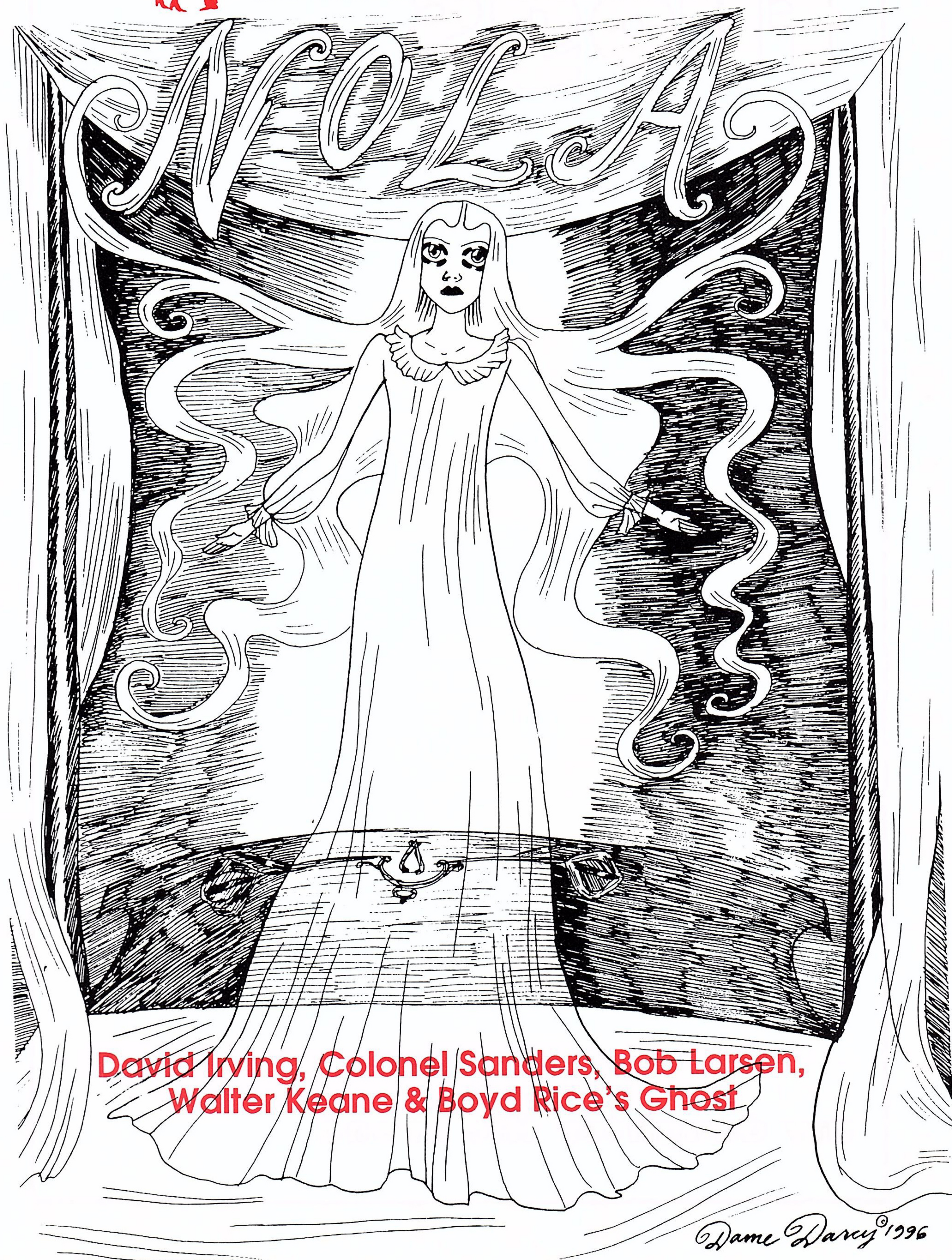


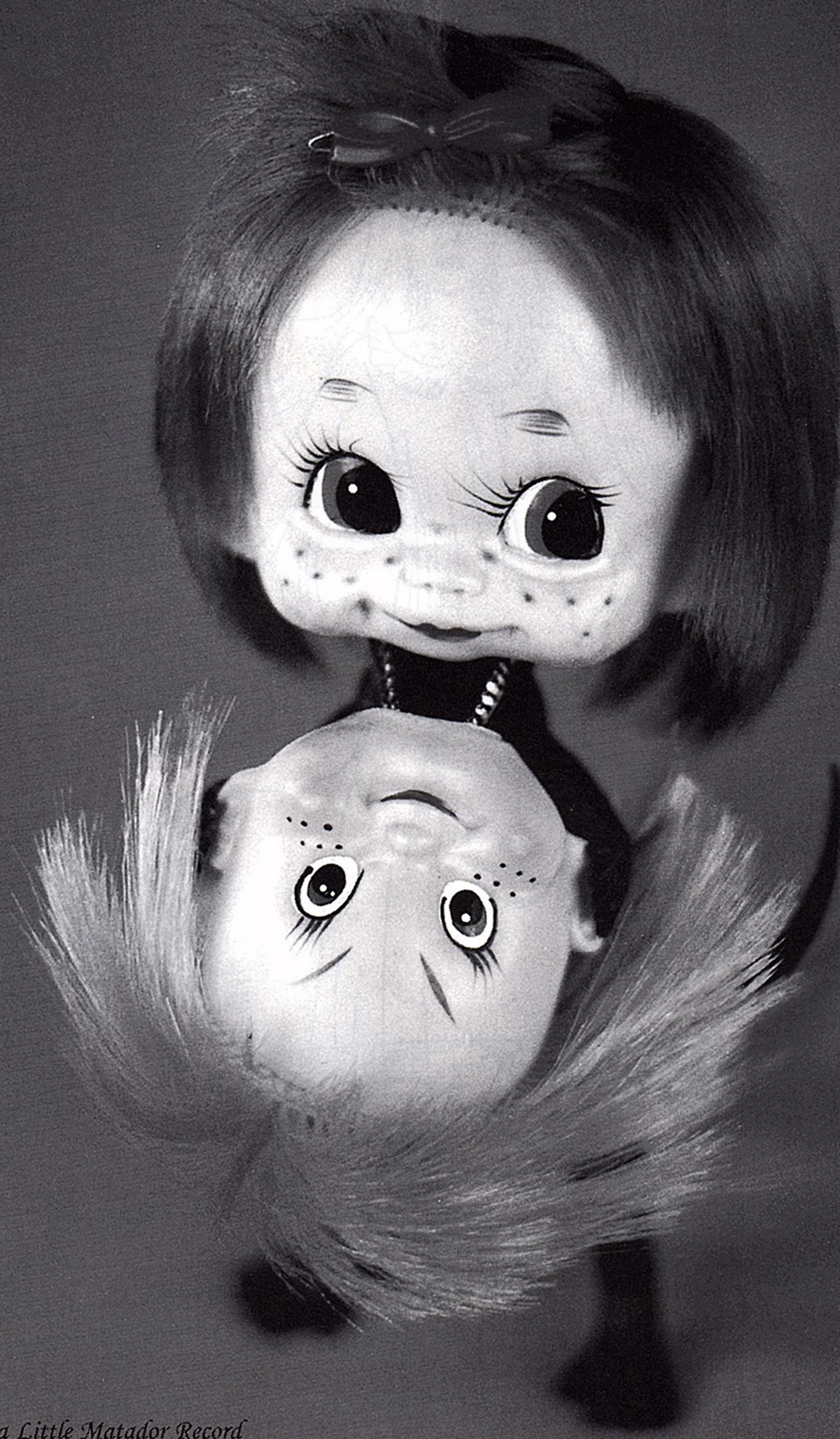
ROLLERDERBY No. 19



David Irving, Colonel Sanders, Bob Larsen,
Walter Keane & Boyd Rice's Ghost

Dame Darcy © 1996

frogs



a Little Matador Record

my daughter the broad

mail order: lp\$8, cd\$12 postage paid, matador records 676 broadway nyc 10012

Letters

Lisa--

I had a dream last night which Boyd was in and I feel strangely obligated to tell you. I was having a summer party on the shore and Boyd came for the weekend. He beat up a fem-boy who kept saying "Call me... *Yvonne*" and I was so relieved. Yvonne was *ruining* the party! Then my cat got sick and I tried to hide it from Boyd, as for some reason I thought he'd kill it, to put it out of its misery, etc. Survival of the Fittest and whatnot--I'm down with that. But he didn't! He caught wind of my fears and he saved my cat's life, he put him in a full-body cast and spoon-fed him. I told him I was surprised and he said, "Why? He's sick! ...But if he were a big BROWN cat, *that'd* be a different story!" I couldn't tell if he was kidding, which I guess is like real life.

--Queen Itchie, Santa Rosa, CA

Lisa--

I *totally* agree with Boyd--all women are crazy. Really, Lisa, be sensible--you're being crazy by not agreeing. (Maybe you really do agree but were in a feisty mood the day of the interview.) This will probably boil you up, but I see something beautiful in rape. True, it is disgusting and greedy, but anything extreme seems passionate to me. I could go on and on with how I agree with Boyd and give little stories.

I was nominated for Homecoming Queen! I guess I'm popular this year or something.

--Liz Armstrong, Schaumburg IL

Dear Lisa,

After I read your interview with Boyd, I had a dream that I cut off Matt's penis and put it down my pants. (Not a bloody, vindictive act--purely practical.) It kept bulging too much, and I was afraid people would notice.

--Alex Behr, San Francisco CA

Lisa!

Ivan Badboy is the most unattractive idiot I've ever laid eyes on. His interview absolutely aggravated me. I can only commend you on your valiant attempt to make him take his life. I am so frustrated

with impotent anger against him. I want to actually do something to him, but I'm afraid that would give him some sort of legitimacy.

--Jaina Davis, San Francisco CA

Dear Lisa,

Ivan Badboy should kill himself. Besides, he should give up on Kathleen Hanna because she would just spit in his face. But that is probably what he wants.

--Steve Power, Gaithersburg MD

Hi Lisa--

That pretentious git Ivan Badboy--I could dispose of him in one whisky-sodden night.

--Saskia, Scotland UK

Lisa--

If Ivan Badboy lacks the motivation to kill himself, I'd like to volunteer to do the job for him.

--Spence, Cazadero CA

Dear Miss Lisa--

You did say you were a horrible editor [*Actually I said fierce, meaning I cut out anything I find boring*] but one thinks you shouldn't maybe drink so many bottles of wine before beginning the task. Oh my god you totally raped our discussion and of course made yourself look good while rendering me an incoherent ranting fool. You even made a few things up, didn't you? I never said "Hocus pocus" in my life [*did too*]. And for a smart gal you sure screw simple things up. I said it was *wrong* for me to want to kiss or fuck someone; I didn't say it wasn't *natural*. DUH! I expect an apology in the next issue for your disrespect.

We shall debate again someday.

--Ivan Badboy, Hoboken NY

P.S. When I run for President I'll let you be my vice prez--if you're good.

P.P.S. More photos of you please.

9/15/95

Dear Lisa,

Not so long ago I was lured by the fragrance of shampoos, conditioners, perm solutions and cigarettes into Millie's [*her accolades were sung in RD14*]. I met a stout Hispanic woman who threw me in an adjustable chair and asked me what I wanted. I told her just an

inch or two off the bottom and she frowned. "That's pretty short," she said, "you won't have your bouncy curls anymore." I assured her I would and she routinely began to spray and snip. Occasionally I'd see her crane her neck toward three aproned women sharing laughs over Ricki Lake in the back. She'd throw some Spanish their way and they'd stop, look at me, smile, nod and go back to Ricki. They were as bored as me. Where, Lisa, was that Millie magic I'd heard about?

Just then, she paused from her cutting, her friends paused from watching TV and [my friend] Carrie even looked up from *Celebrity Hairstyles*. The room quieted except for distant street clamor and the "Go Ricki! Go Ricki!" from the TV. Millie, in her soft-spoken English, said, "Do you mind if I do a little something?" I nodded.

Millie passionately whipped out her hair dryer, comb and six-foot can of hair spray. The next few minutes were so confusing, so fast. She was teasing, she was spraying, she was frizzing. Finally she whizzed me around to the mirror and there I saw someone with no trace of Irish ancestry. I was Chicana. If I had the sass, I could've walked right into Mission High School and broken a few hearts. I jumped up, slapped down the \$12 plus tip and Carrie and I left with our sights set on making every cabron in our way swoon. But, after a while, I remembered it's hard *not* to get whistled at in the Mission and just kind of ended up feeling silly.

--Kerry McLaughlin, San Francisco CA

11/18/95

I have fallen prey--to Sonja, *the false Millie*!

As you'll recall, my last letter chronicled a rather lackluster encounter with Millie. Today, I realized my error: I had believed Sonja when she said in her stilted English "yes" to my question "So, are you Millie?" The minute I saw the true Millie, I knew I'd been had. The true Millie has a commanding presence. She domineers subtly but effectively. She's solid, jolly, pure in spirit. She immediately whipped out her headful of tight rollers, fluffed her hair and said, "OK, I'm ready for you!" She asked my name. When I told her, she said, "Oh-

hoo! How scary! Like the movie, *Carrie*!”

This balding, half-deaf, senile woman was getting a pedicure from one of Millie’s assistants who didn’t speak English. “Ha!” said Millie, “That’s not gonna work very well.” The deaf woman yelled out, “HOW LONG HAVE YOU WORKED HERE?!” in English to the Spanish-speaking pedicurist. Millie wouldn’t help them out--she preferred to enjoy the circus. I admired Millie’s evil sense of humor. What she did to my hair was amazing. At the end, she put two hands on my shoulders, looked directly into my soul and said, “Come back maybe next week, I may change my mind about the front two sections. They’re a little light.” I dazedly nodded.

--Kerry McLaughlin

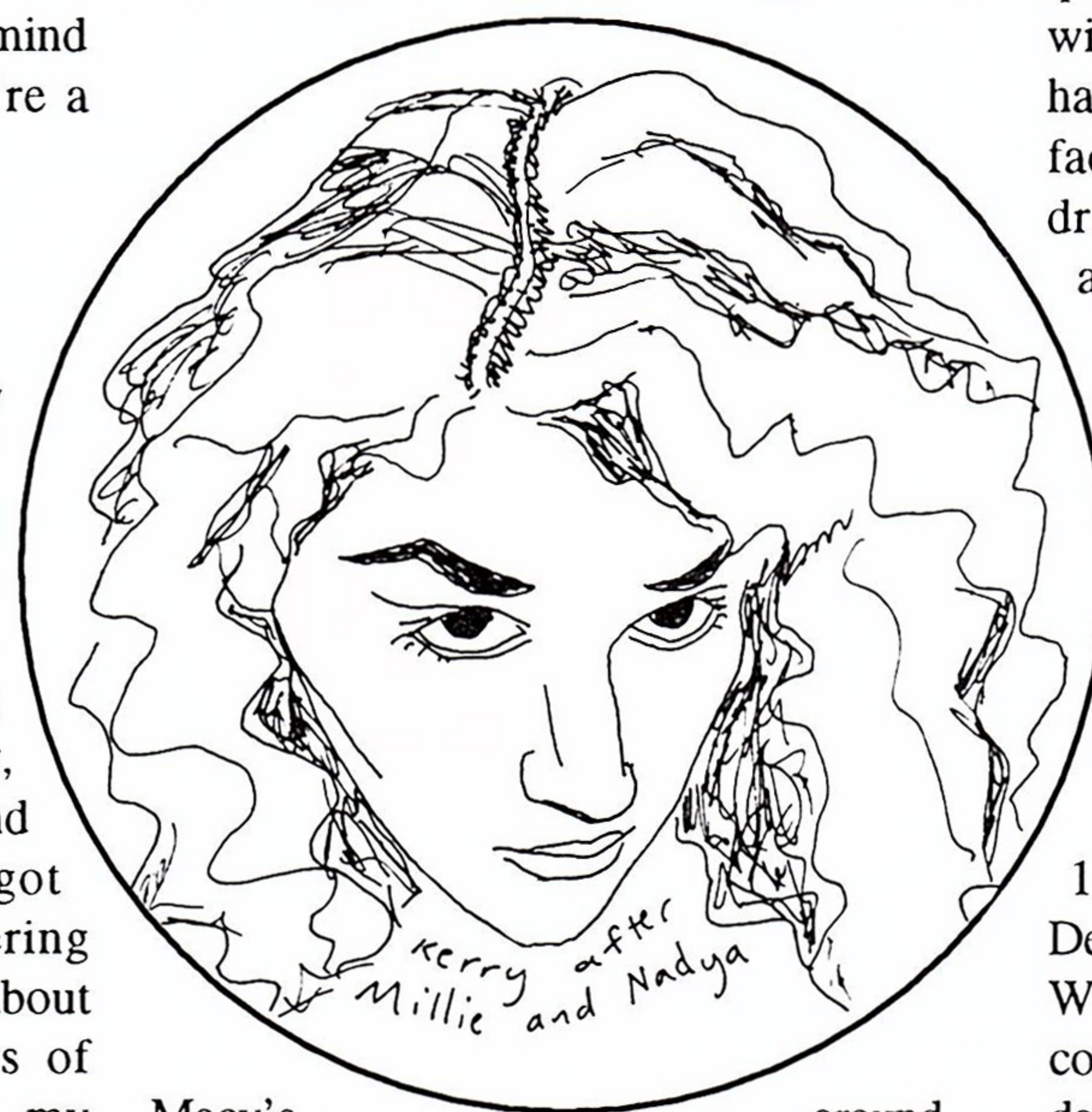
12/21/95

I have to tell you about Nadya, my Russian and mysterious beautician! A few weeks ago, Shannon handed me her business card and told me to get a facial from her. I put it off, recalling stories of facials entailing zit scaping and face butchery. Finally, intrigued by the whole sadism and Russian-ness of it, I called. I got Nadya’s thickly accented answering machine, left a message and forgot about it. A few days later in the throes of codeine-enhanced sleep (I was sick), my roommate handed me the phone. Disoriented, I heard: “Zis iz Nadya Veyntrob. I calt you back and you never replied.” I told her I’d been sick. Then a wail sounded from Nadya. It was a powerful wail implying great sorrow and I pictured her in traditional Russian garb throwing herself against a wall in grief. “Aye, Kedty!” she said, “I am sorry you are ill!” She did sound very sorry. I made an appointment. I went back to sleep, but was nervous. I dreamt of antiquated Soviet torture machines and woke up to my roommates talking about whether they should get facials from Nadya too. I heard Chris (female) say, “I don’t know. I got my hair cut by a Russian woman once. It looked OK, but it was painful. She tugged and tore. I was in pain for days.” Nadya had injected fear into all three of us simply by being Russian. (Do you see, Lisa, why I love Russia now?) (Actually, I know you have all along....)

So appointment day arrived and I

grilled Shannon about the facial procedures. Shannon said, “Make sure you don’t go out afterwards because your face is puffy and blotchy after.” I demanded to know why, but she was very vague. The day went on and I kept wondering. At the salon, I was affronted by the shi-shi-ness of it all--vast ceilings, large mirrors, gay European men in tight black. They steered me to the back room--Nadya’s torture garden. “Kedty!” she exclaimed (she seemed to always exclaim my name), “our appointment iz not until zix theurty!” It was five now. I felt very dumb. So I

went to



around the corner, got lost, watched the CK One movie projected on the side of a building, and returned. I waited on a plush leather couch reading magazines in French, catching every other word, until Nadya came out to escort me to the inner sanctum. Once inside, I got a good look at her. She was less maternal than I expected, but still somewhat maternal. She was dressed all in white, like she’d been vacationing in Greece, and wore glasses that made her look like an owl. I looked closely at her skin and was amazed. It was so healthy it shone! She, too, was scrutinizing my skin. She had one hand on my shoulder and the other one sliding her glasses down her face to peer in a little closer. Then she pulled back quickly. She clapped and said in staccato, “Take off shirt and bra and put zis towel around.” I immediately obliged and waited for my next instructions. She ordered me to lie on the white contoured table in the

middle of the room. I did so and looked at all the crazy gadgets around me. Oddly, they were all white too. Heaven probably looks sort of like Nadya’s room. Nadya’s face appeared above mine and I jumped because she was wearing goggles that enlarged her blue eyes tenfold. “Aaah, Kedty!” she exclaimed again, “I make yourrr eyebrows zo beautiful zo easily with wax!” I nodded and she went to work at my brow with fine lines of hot wax meticulously applied and then QUICKLY and WITHOUT WARNING she ripped the wax off! I screamed, and Nadya quickly soothed my eyebrow follicles with cooling cream. The next hour and a half was dotted with steam blasts in my face from a machine that sounded like a dragon, hot towels constantly being applied and taken away, and hundreds of different smelling lotions being massaged into my face, neck and upper chest. “Tell me, Kedty,” Nadya paused to say, “tell me if zis iz to be bjorned.” I had no idea what she was saying, so she pantomimed it. “You know, bjorn? B-U-R-N?”

--Kerry McLaughlin

11/20/95

Dear Frau Elizabeth Nietzsche--

What the hell do I have to do to get a copy of #17? Who IS Wolfgang? Another damned Nazi? What has happened to you? Really. Because if he is I want in. Period. So what if I look like a fat Heinrich Himmler. This thing has been burgeoning in my blood, my very soul, for 25 years. The time is now. The bastion is assailed and out swarms a horde of stinging things, the hive must be defended, the RACE. I, too, shall be among them! On 18 November 53 years ago Von Paulus’s German 6th Army was encircled. When it surrendered the following February, Bruckner’s “Funeral March” played consecutively on German radio for two weeks. It’s playing now in my soul! I want relief to come, I want Von Manstein! Von Manstein! The name! The hope! I want you to put me in touch with Wolfgang. I’m ready! Wolfgang! The name alone evokes stolid German strength. I see a tall well-built German Colossus of Rhodes in miniature, a flaxen-haired son of Deutschland. I see a breakout, a linking up! Like Busse’s and Wenke’s 5th and 8th German Armies in

the very last days! "A gray-haired figure burst from either mass of men, rushed forward and they clasped hands. Busse and Wenke had joined."

--Love, [name and address withheld by request]

12/11/95

Dear Lisa:

Rollerderby No. 17 has arrived. Thank you. No, I am not mad. Yet. The idea that a 15-month-old baby could mount some operation, jointly with myself, had not crossed my mind. Having misunderstood Jaina's words regarding your situation in answer to an inquiry of mine, I drew certain conclusions. I decided Boyd must have been usurped by Wolfgang, a grown man, and that I must also direct my desire to be a part of your current [boyfriend] who I view to be the linchpin in the coming struggle. So Boyd is apparently still "it." Thus I would ask you to turn over to Boyd my previous letter, that everything that was mistakenly written to Wolfgang is to Boyd. My heart throbs like defiant Bleslau in her glorious, dying last hours. I report to you in howling delight that I have survived one-and-a-half years of the fiendish machinations of one spivey, a monster spawned in the ghettos of Washington, D.C., an evil mind drunk on certain socio-political poisons, a most tenacious enemy.

I worry about your fates what with the crisis, the combination of crises, coming anytime now...have you taken precautions? By spring I'll own 30-plus acres here--I propose to survive. Let's link up, you, Boyd, little Wolfgang, myself and some others. If you won't consider yourself and Boyd's fates, think of Wolfgang, who is obviously a being of a very high order with a glorious future, a vast mind only now burgeoning
--HE MUST SURVIVE!

--Love, ----

1/25/96

Sweet Lisa--

Be aware that I'm not going to allow you and Boyd and little Wolfgang to perish in the coming horrors. You are all mutations of a most pleasant sort and thus worthy of survival.

In case you're worried, I entertain no desire that you and I will

become romantically involved. I am incapable of such feelings. Despite your obvious beauty and sex appeal I'm not attracted to you. I'll not be a skull on anybody's belt and I know you wouldn't glory in something like that. It's the soul inside you that I love--I've known of none like you--and it's beyond gender. Anatomically, I can potentially mate with over 50% of the world's population. But there is only one you.

--Love, ----

5/21/96

Dear Lisa,

If you're interrogated the most they can get is my name and the state. I'll send you a note later with a rendezvous point to go to when "it" happens. Don't worry too much if you don't have a rifle, I'll probably buy a half dozen Chinese SKS's and you can use one. Wolfgang reminds me of Field Marshall Gunther Von Kluge. I don't know why. He doesn't really look like Von Kluge, yet he exudes the presence of Von Kluge. Your son may be the reincarnated soul of Von Kluge--I rule nothing out. Von Kluge died 50 years almost to the day before Wolfgang's birth. If my head were not shaven my hair would be on end. I was reminded, too, that Wolfgang in his sweat suit is reminiscent of a baby Tyrannosaurus Rex. A fantastic being who *shouldn't* be, but who, gloriously, *is*. I thought of, saw, a newly hatched Tyrannosaurus Rex moving out with its mother upon the world, swing-ing its tail and stamping its feet as it walked with its mother. All this in a lush, steaming jungle of the Jurassic Period. Given the technical resources I'd make a short video of such a thing. I'd have a large male Tyrannosaurus Rex (Boyd) watching, and I'd use the song "Don't Do Me Like That." The music itself would go perfectly with the movements of the dinosaurs' bodies.

True confession: I wasn't going to admit this but something happened. A few days ago I came to the conclusion that Suzanne Somers was the sexiest woman that ever lived. I thought of her and my penis got harder and huger than I thought possible. I touched it and got a hitherto unknown burning in my cheeks. My whole body was on fire and my head felt like it would explode. The next 20

minutes or so was spent in a warm state beyond thought or time, with images of Suzanne floating through what now passed for a brain. I thought for a while that I broke a vein in my head, but I guess I'm all right.

Love, ----

Dear Lisa--

I finally confessed an attraction to Tony Danza to my sister, who tried to soften the blow by making excuses why. "No, Liz," I said firmly, "it must be faced. I am attracted to Tony Danza." I also kinda liked Judith Light.

--Gilmore Tamny, Columbus OH

Lisa Lisa Lisa...

I tried to get my wife to read your article on Kmart fashion shopping. Showed it to her and she was instantly pissed. But I agree--the "cheaper" a woman dresses, the more interesting it must be underneath...could it be the "bad woman" syndrome? I wonder if women know when they dress "cheap" how good they really look. When women are dressed in suits and other office wear, I just want to throw them down and screw them till they squeal like little pigs. The ones dressed in Kmart fashion--I want to take them out, dine, wine, go to Godzilla movie, and then make love with them for the rest of my life. I saw a beautiful woman behind the counter at 7-11...fell in love with her in mere seconds, see her in my dreams. She was obviously clothed by Kmart. I love Kmart--full of the scrawny women in search of the "perfect" whatever, and they must drug all the cashiers when they come on duty with prozac, quaaludes, percodan...dreamlike...they can't be real....

--Dave C., Centerville, MA

Hey Lisa,

I recently found your magazine buried deep in the racks at a local book store. At first I thought it was some sicko pervert rag just to the legal side of child pornography (mainly because of the picture of Helen Suckpuppy in the wading pool...she looks 12 for Christ's sake), which is why I bought it. When I got home and started reading it I realized that my cursory examination had led me to the wrong conclusion. Now I'm not sure what it is, but I want more. So I'm

sending \$10 for five back issues.

--Tony Lausen, Houston TX

Lisa,

I enjoyed RD18 but I think much more remains to be said than was covered in the David Tibet interview on why Brits want Yanks to be ashamed of being American. I am an American who has lived in London for the past three years and find the whole UK/US relations thing fascinating. The States have wide open spaces, customer service and value-for-money. UK has the TV License Bureau (charge an annual fee of \$130 for the privilege of owning a TV) and a 25-cent charge per catsup packet in restaurants. British people have endured so many centuries of restraint, oppression and gray weather they have forgotten how to have a good time. Americans know how to have a good time but are flaky and generally embarrassing in public, and their open, warm natures are perceived as immature and gullible. Brits also dislike the French, Irish, Italians, and just about everyone else, so don't take it personally. US trash culture (McDonald's) is everpresent in the UK because the Brits demand modern conveniences, but hate its source for the influence. It's like having a partner who smokes and saying, "It's your fault I smoke. I would quit if it weren't for you." Basically, Brits have an inferiority complex 'cause the UK used to be the world power and now the US is the world power. Despite the stereotypical faults, once you find a Brit you can trust, he/she will be the most dependable person you know. They also manage land more responsibly. (But hey, it's an island--what choice do they have?)

--Amy Bidz, London England

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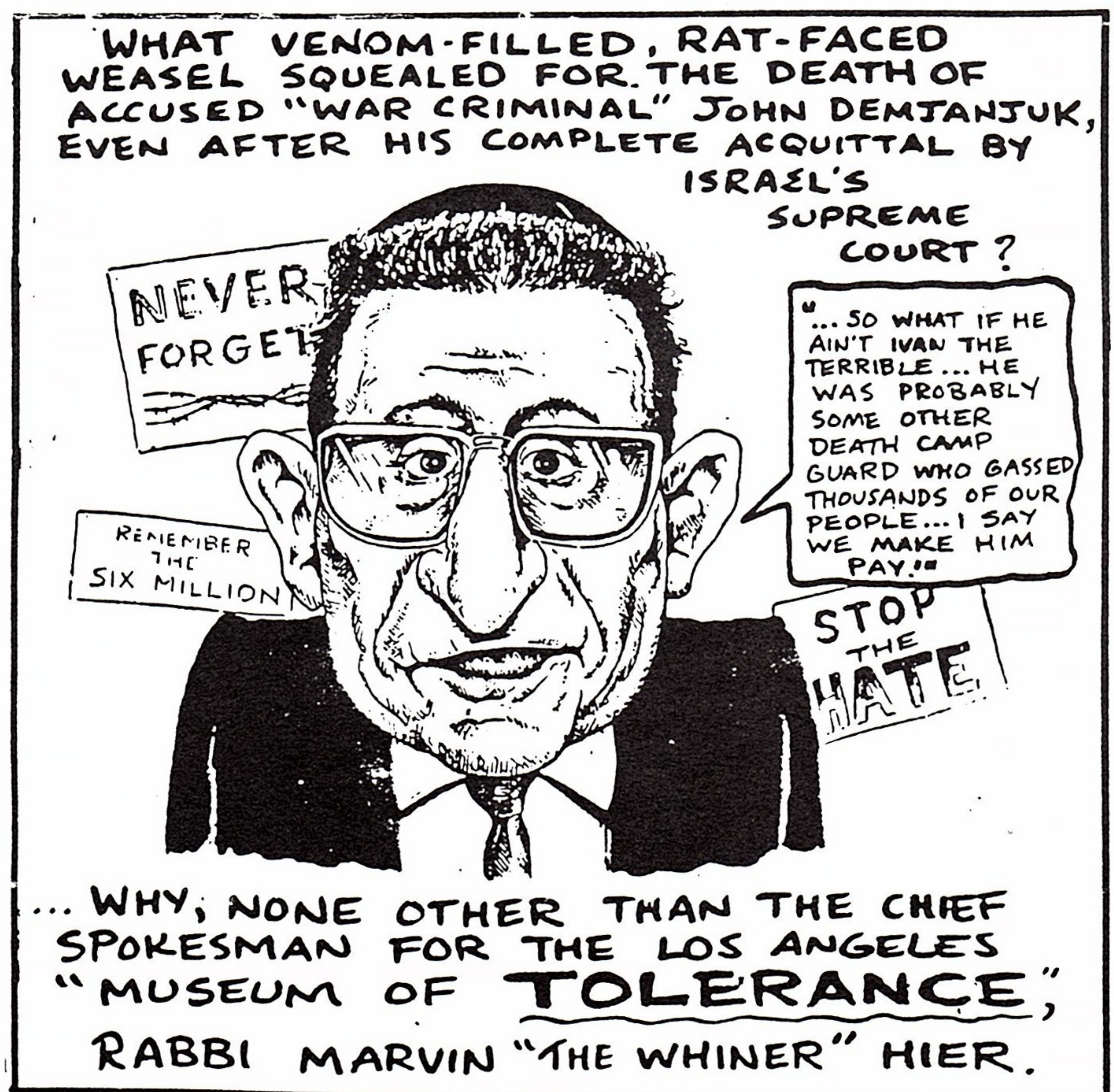
Nazis I Have Known

Naturally, living with Boyd Rice for two years now, I've gotten to know a few Nazis, some infamous and some just plain folk. They're all interesting, polite and very, very odd. Their character is greatly exceeded by their intelligence, which is a slave to their idealism. If I were a Nazi, I'd be a total family man. I'd be like one of those skinheads you see on *Geraldo* who hold down two hard jobs (roofing and something else like roofing) and are very protective of the mother of their children. Because if you care about your race, you want to propagate it. Of course, Hitler didn't have children, but I guess he was too busy. I know a lot of Nazis do have kids (they send photos), but the Nazis I happen to have met are still dreamy little boys--even when they're 45.

My feelings about racism have gone back and forth all my life. I think I've finally made up my mind about it. I've decided I have no problem at all with someone being a white supremacist. If someone believes their race is the best

and hangs out only with their own race and studies history drawing sinister conclusions, that's fine with me--I like people who like what they are. And if someone hangs out with as many races as they can find and studies the future drawing beatific conclusions, that's OK too--I like people who are curious.

I'm in favor of racism for the fact that it differentiates people. I find it interesting when qualities are applied to various groups. That's what I like about astrology, gender stereotypes, Type A and Type B personalities (I'm the one that's gonna get a heart attack), *Cosmo* quizzes on which perfume type you are: sultry or sporty or romantic, and lists of national characteristics. Of course I know no one fits a mold exactly, but seeing how one doesn't fit into one's type, as well as being surprised by how much one *does* fit, is fun! What disturbs me about racism is how often its expression takes ugly and futile form. All the racist literature I've read really whines so much. Black racists



whining about whining in WAR

are whining about white oppression and white racists are belly-aching about the Jewish conspiracy. Their newsletters aren't about how great it is to be white, they don't keep old Aryan traditions and encourage

White males, having traditionally been the leaders of Aryan civilization, are the ultimate target of this subversive Jewish ideology. Another insidious attack on our culture comes from the so-called "feminists." This "movement" is led by Jewish lesbians and is intended to divide Aryan men and women. The term "feminist" is a mis-

- Remarks

teaching them to our children--they complain about the Jews (and once in a while the "mud race", which I gather is made up of blacks, hispanics and mulattoes). I get the impression they're thinking about Jews *all* the time. What's strange is that the things they hate about the Jews--that they're successful financially, that their ideas have infiltrated the peoples of the world, that they manipulate world events, that they keep up their traditions and breed with other races only rarely (though this generation of Jews is breaking precedent and interbreeding as much as anyone else)...these are all things to admire racially. Why hate somebody for doing a good job at what's most important to you? That'd be like if I lived, breathed and would die for chess, and then hated the Russians because they're such good chess-players. Or if I were to use up my whole chess newsletter railing against volleyball players.

Boyd doesn't answer his mail, so I've been handling it for the last two years, and so I've read a lot of letters from racists, seeing as how Boyd has a reputation in that area. One Christmas card was a long, hand-written poem all about white lightning striking out the blight of the mud race. I wish I had it so I could reproduce it for you, but Wolfgang got ahold of it and chewed it up (he's into paper products right now). I can see that it is a problem that one out of three black men under 30 is in jail or on parole (CNN told me so), but waiting for lightning to strike just isn't very helpful. I suppose that's a euphemism for a race war, but if it is, let's get practical here. Tell me what one is to *do* in this race war. I mean, assuming I were one of the ones this poetic Christmas card were intended for instead of being the secretarial interceptor that I am. I get the feeling the author of that poem doesn't know anything racial beyond being pissed

off and dreaming of old gods. I just wish these people would spend some time celebrating whiteness instead of being bitchy all the time. I mean, I'm into being white (like I'm into being female

or a Scorpio or American). But these white supremacists don't encourage or educate me--they bore and annoy me! They make me wish I were Jewish, since according to their newsletters the Jews, while only 2% of the population, wield power over the other 98%. Out of all the stuff I've read from Boyd's P.O. box, I haven't learned anything about white people--I've just learned a heck of a lot about Jews.

I've never met a female Nazi. I suggested to Boyd maybe they don't exist, maybe extreme racism is largely a guy-thing, since males are more aggressive on the whole. Boyd said confidently, "Oh, they exist. There's a *lot* of them." Guessing from the gleam in his eye he was referring to female Nazis who wanted to or did have sex with him, I said, "Oh, they probably just pretended to be Nazis to impress you. They probably liked you for other reasons--because you're a Satanist or you're just attractive or because of Non." He said, "No. There's a lot of girl racists. A lot. A lot." I felt like there was something he wasn't telling me, but for once I happened not to be curious, and did not attempt to drag whatever it is out of him. The secret wasn't that he'd had sex with a ton of women, because I already knew all about that and he never brags about it anyway. Maybe there's a female Nazi reading this right now who could write and tell me what the secret is.

David Irving

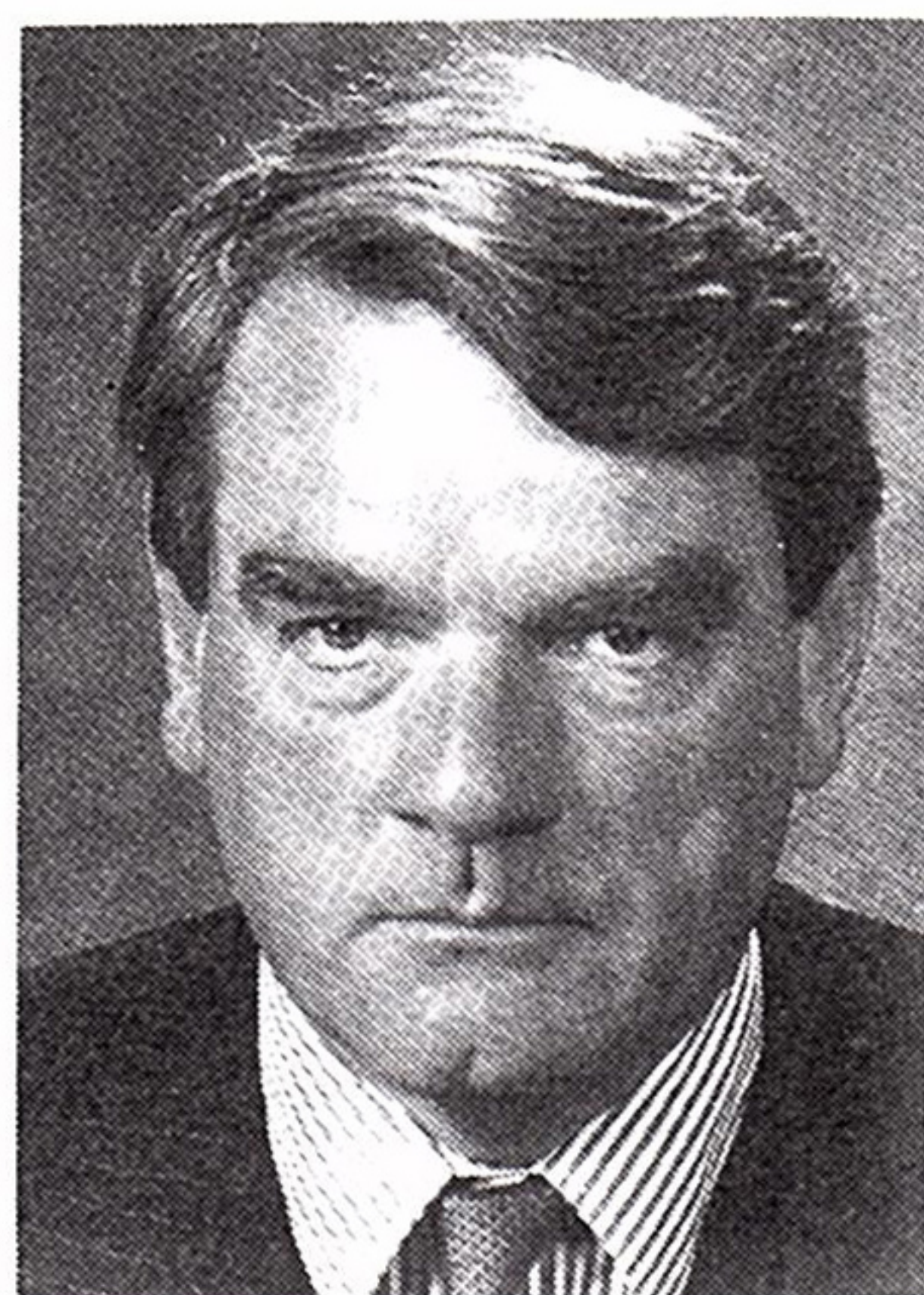
The Englishman David Irving was a world-respected historian and best-selling author until he came out as a Holocaust revisionist. Now all these countries--Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Germany, Italy, South Africa and France--are either suing him or not letting him visit. Boyd and I went to see him speak at a book shop in Colorado. The audience consisted of a few dozen 40- to 50-year-

old white men in comfortably spiffy clothing--a mishmash of golfing digs with militaristic touches--and five white women of various ages. Mr. Irving's face on the poster on the door was imposing. The real face was equally imposing--large, strong features, slightly florid, and God had been generous in bestowing eyebrows on Mr. Irving. He looked exactly like Boyd if you were to squash Boyd in a garbage compacter for about two seconds. Mr. Irving is 59 years old. He wore a pin-striped suit over his sturdy body. His presence was commanding. He told funny and intelligent anecdotes about getting to know various S.S. men and their relatives, getting their diaries out of them, and what he learned about their sex lives. One audience member asked if it were true that there is no real evidence that Goring was a pedophile. Mr. Irving answered, "With that visage, I wouldn't put any vile act past him. I can see from your face, though, Sir"--addressing the audience member--"that *you* have never committed any improprieties." He sort of side-stepped that question, but most of the time he was absolutely thorough, weaving interesting, sometimes sordid, often surprising, details with ideas and conclusions, with humor throughout. He was so informative. I was jealous. I want to speak well! I want to have a great memory and tell jokes that someone other than me laughs at. I want to be educated! Alas, I am none of those things.

He passed around a card sketched on by Hitler--Eva Braun on one side, the only self-portrait by Hitler in the world on the other side. Also passed around was one of Hitler's spoons, with a swastika and A.H. stamped on the end. Mr. Irving said it had been passed around to a Jewish committee and one member had mistakenly eaten with it. This comment elicited lots of laughter from the audience. I mean hearty guffaws. I don't know what's so funny about a Jew eating with Hitler's spoon. Boyd later explained to me that anti-semites will laugh at anything connected to Jews. Then the 40- to 50-year-old men raised their hands and waited for their turn to ask questions that weren't really questions but were opportunities to flash their S.S. knowledge to the 25 or so other middle-aged white men. One red-haired fat man referred obsequiously to Mr. Irving's "quite probably perfect

knowledge” within his quite voluminous question. After the lecture was over, I went up to get some cookies and fake champagne. Mr. Irving took the opportunity to tell me I was the most attractive woman in the room. I checked out my competition: an 80-year-old shaky woman, two boring 20-somethings and a 16-year-old exquisite blond. I told Mr. Irving the blonde was much prettier. He said she was too young, sat too still, and was too drably attired to “inspire lewd thoughts.” Mr. Irving then complimented my facial features, my figure, and my disposition. He was apparently quite fond of the way I sit. Sleazy compliments are probably the only ones I’ll ever get from historians. All my life I’ve reveled in my low class, uneducated status, but just lately I’ve realized low class is only charming when you’re young and cute. At what age does one stop being cute? Better to quit too early rather than too late. But what else am I good at? I’m a good writer, but so much of my writing is tied up with my sexual attractiveness. Just look at this hole I’ve dug for myself. I know I’m good at being a mother, but does anyone care about that other than my kid? I don’t mean to burden you with my identity crisis, but I’ve never had one before, and I’m curious about how it works. Anyway, back to the star of this essay: the slimy old erudite Mr. Irving.

It was decided he would sleep at Boyd’s and my house. Boyd left early to pick up our son Wolfgang, and Mr. Irving wasted no time asking if he could sleep with me. I said no. He said, “You only want Boyd?” I said, “I’m all his.” We went with another couple to a diner. Mr. Irving, apparently piqued by my rejection, insulted all things American, like how we put syrup all over our pancakes, “then you need one of these



indigestion pills you love to advertise on your TV.” I didn’t find this attack particularly deadly, but the waitress made a much more brutal counterattack on Mr. Irving’s homeland, pretending not to understand a word Mr. Irving said, acting disgusted when he asked for tea instead of coffee, and practically sticking her Texan tongue out at him.

At home, Boyd brought Wolfgang out to meet him, and Mr. Irving ungraciously called him sickly, and immediately pronounced the cause: our lack of windows, and then gave his unasked for opinion on our home’s faulty wiring. Right in front of Boyd he turned to me and said, “And what about you--do you need rewiring?” I assumed he was suggesting I needed a really good fuck (from Stud Irving, I presume), and I thought, “Who’s the low class one here?” He then launched into a soliloquy on women’s brains, and how they must all have a computer chip put in there at birth that instructs them to say certain phrases, like “I have *nothing* to wear!” and “You don’t know how I feel.” He asked Boyd how often I’d said those phrases; Boyd said never. Mr. Irving said, “Well, not yet then.” He related how Mrs. Irving and David Duke’s wife had gotten into a fight because each claimed the other had more dresses. Mr. Irving seemed very amused by his anecdote--I think it made him feel manly to have his wife fight about dresses. He and Boyd conversed a little about the coming race war, but you could see that neither one had his heart in it. It was like polite conversation that simply had to be covered for form’s sake, like back when ladies would get together for bridge, and they just had to talk about the health problems of various members of the community, whether they felt like it or not.

A Visionary In White

COL. SANDERS and DIONNE WARWICK



by Kerry McLaughlin

I sincerely believe the finest book I’ve ever read is *Life As I Have Known It Has Been Finger Lickin’ Good* by Colonel Harlan Sanders. Right at the start the Colonel states, “I don’t know how to write a book...when I asked the Lord to help me stop cussin’ five years ago, I lost half my vocabulary, don’tcha see?” The whole first chapter is a series of tantalizing anecdotes being spun and just when each comes to the crux, the Colonel says “but I’ll finish that story later...”. The tease! How could anyone put the book down!

The book makes one thing very clear: Colonel Sanders is a visionary. Before it was fashionable, he saw a world of impeccable customer service, cleanliness and justice with the occasional fist fight thrown in for spice. I initially thought this was going to be a Christian book. Not only does the cover depict the Colonel reading the Bible to children of varying ethnicities in front of a Christmas tree, but the book itself is published by an outfit called Creation House. The text does have its fair share of God, church and tithe-paying, but Colonel Sanders seems pretty comfortable with the whole thing and sees no need to preach. While he has always been a pious man, he was never a church-going man until he was 79. Even then, he

only really went because he was afraid his worst sin, swearing, would send him straight to hell. He recalls thinking, while in an airplane, *If this plane goes down, all these folks will go to heaven. But me? I'll just go to the bottom of the ocean.*

After each chapter, you can't help but reflect on what a nice, honest gent he is. He fights corruption in Justice of the Peace offices in Arkansas. He learns to birth babies for the backward mountain people in Kentucky. He helps out honest men, even if they're moonshiners. He pays tithes. On top of that, he's just so good-natured! When a corrupt local sheriff sued him for \$20,000 for slander, he took it as a compliment.

Of course the whole book is not simply a list of his good deeds. The colonel does have a dark side, thank god. He has a temper--fist fighting with a local businessman who decided to be stubborn and not take the Colonel's suggestion, and storming out of restaurants with poor service. He also has mystery--he shot a man but refuses to talk about it. "I didn't tell you about that and I ain't going to. Some of the relatives is still alive, don'tcha see?" He's shrewd at business and somewhat of an upstart when he moves somewhere new (which is all the time).

His first wife, Josephine, got fed up with the moving and feistiness and although the Colonel didn't believe in divorce, they got one. Lovin' is an area where the Colonel needs a little more tenderness:

I never intended to ever marry again. But after a year and a half I began to lose buttons on my coat. I could sew them on, but then my socks needed darnin, and I couldn't darn socks. Then I realized I had to have a wife. Claudia had been one of our early employees [at the motel/restaurant he and his wife owned]. So I had occasion to observe her all her life and knew how dependable she was, what her life was, and how industrious she was...so I proposed to Claudia and we've been married 25 years this November.

The Colonel is a Virgo. A cold fish with an impeccable work ethic. Poor Claudia. The Colonel probably stuffed her Christmas stocking with darning knobs.

He's also not a real colonel. He was only in the military for a short stint when he was 16 and all he did there was take a ship to Cuba, tend mules and lose 41 pounds by being seasick. Colonel is an honorary title, a little more meaningful than being a British "Guv'ner" and a little less meaningful than being a free-mason. There actually is a society of Kentucky Colonels, but instead of being militaristic, they just hold banquets the Friday before the Kentucky Derby. Our Colonel decided to dress in full Kentucky Colonel regalia once the chicken busi-ness caught on and that was when he was 65 years old. He said he likes it because all-white gives the air of

cleanliness, which is a very important subject to a Virgo.

Cleanliness was one of the reasons he'd surprise visit Kentucky Fried Chicken franchises and shut them down if they weren't holding up their end of the deal. Customer Service was the other. When he owned a motel, he wouldn't allow his employees to take tips. Instead, they are instructed to say, "No--I thank you! If you hadn't patronized me, I wouldn't have a job!"

A few people told me the Colonel was racist, but I proved them wrong. I tell them how the Colonel says, "I've got great respect for the black man and the black woman." Then he adds that he takes the black woman who cleans their house and her husband out to dinner and that he got her daughter a job as the first black stenographer in Shelby County. I would say that's a big step for a Southern gent from the early 20th Century. Someone else told me that if you were hungry and homeless and went into Kentucky Fried Chicken (before he sold the company in 1965), you would be provided with a free meal.

I feel enriched having read the Colonel's story. Anyone who realizes their vision and does so in a very clean white antiquated suit for effect is OK in my book. I even learned to love his little idiosyncrasies, but only as an observer. I would detest being his wife or employee. Since Claudia did both, I believe she is the real hero here. And with that, I would like to leave you with a little stunning wisdom from the Colonel: *You can sleep a man only once in 24 hours, but you can feed him three times.*

CLAUDIA



MRS. HARLAND SANDERS



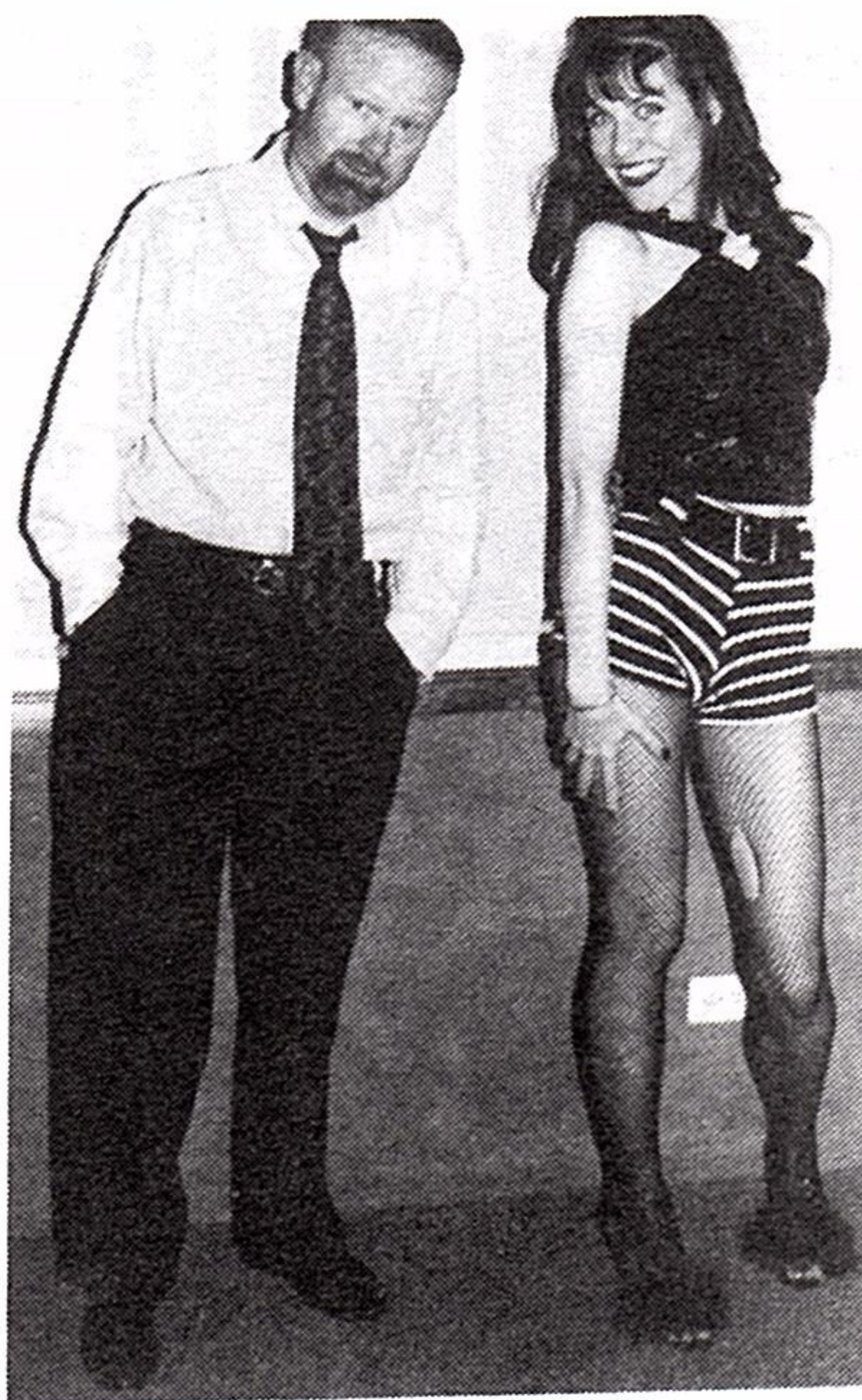
Many thanx to you for all
your help in the fight
against muscular dystrophy
always,
Jerry Lewis

Bob Larsen, Christian

I like Christians: They're clean, they're neat, they make lots of eye contact. They're fervent. They're kind. They speak in parables more often than atheists. They watch their weight and brush their hair. I find them especially attractive when they try to save my soul (I like the attention). I wouldn't want to be married to one, but I don't think they'd want to be married to me, either. My favorite Christian is Bob Larsen, apoplectic d.j. His show is full of sobs, spits and confrontations. Bob speaks in superlatives only. Bob is so imaginative. He makes everything sound exciting. When I went down to the station to be interviewed by him, he said, among other things, that I'm a degenerate who should be sterilized, my boyfriend is a creep, that my magazine made him want to vomit. Actually, he yelled all that. But only while on the air. The second a commercial break came, he'd fondle the photo of Wolfgang I gave him, lower his voice five octaves, and say, "What a cute boy." That he can turn his blistering outrage on and off like a light switch didn't make me think he's a hypocrite--it just made me appreciate his showmanship. Quite possibly he believes absolutely in his message--he just, like all great performers, enjoys titillating his audience.

After the show, he wanted photos taken, but the flash on assistant Mary's camera wasn't working. "Somebody go to the drugstore and buy a throwaway camera," Bob commanded, and two male assistants leapt to the job. That was so exciting! When my camera breaks, I want to bark out orders and have grown men leap to their feet to fulfill my needs, and I want a cute and efficient assistant like Mary, too! Bob also has lots of "Five-Hundred-Dollar Champions" and "Thousand-Dollar Heroes"--people who donate those amounts to his ministry. I admire Bob!

After Bob interviewed me on air, I interviewed him off air.



Bob and me

LISA: I've really enjoyed listening to the callers to your radio show. One caller was whining about how hard it is to make it in the field of ballet. You really had no sympathy for him--and I didn't either. Do you have a philosophy of tough love?

BOB: Sure. There are things that even I and Satanists can agree on--one of those being the importance of self-reliance and one of lying in the bed you make. The difference I have with Satanists is that beyond tough love, there's something called grace and mercy.

LISA: This guy wanted the mercy of some money from you while he pursued his hard ballet career.

BOB: We give away a lot of money to people who are in urgent situations. But we get a lot of calls to the Compassion Chest from people saying they need \$5,000 for a new car, or.... You wouldn't believe the calls we get! Somebody the other day wanted \$30,000. Their spouse had kidnapped their kid and fled to South America. They wanted \$30,000 for a plane ticket, accommodations and a South American lawyer! [laughing] I decided maybe that was something we shouldn't get involved in!

LISA: One sad call I heard was from a woman whose husband had left her right

after her baby died, and she needed a tombstone for her baby. You said you'd get money for a tombstone to her and try to visit her. Did you?

BOB: As a matter of fact we did visit her in May. That was in Lubbock, Texas. She took us out to the gravesite and showed us the tombstone. I even get teary-eyed now thinking about it. [sighs] We had quite a conversation. This mother was just tremendous--all the pain and suffering she'd been through and how well she'd held up under it. She was a real inspiration.

LISA: I thought what you did for her was really nice.

BOB: This gal now has gotten involved in a Mother's Support Group. Because the baby was suspected of dying of SIDS, she has become an expert in researching the causes of SIDS and has taken it upon herself to inform other mothers. She has taken a tragedy and brought something good out of it.

LISA: What's the most heart-rending call you've ever received?

BOB: One that strikes me is a prostitute, on her way to turn a trick, heard me in her car, stopped at a drugstore to call me. I prayed with her, she became a Christian, went to Bible School, married a Minister-to-be, had a baby, named the baby Bob, and then the three of them were killed instantly in a head-on collision. So it was a triumph and a tragedy. Had God not allowed me to be there, and had we not had that opportunity to pray together, she would have gone on being a prostitute and she never would have known that very brief period of joy of being happily married and being a mother. [And she'd probably be alive today! But I didn't say that because Bob was looking so pleased with himself.--LC]

LISA: What does your daughter [just over one year old] do? Does she break expensive vases? Does she chase the cat?

BOB: She loves the dog. She's particularly fond of our three-legged golden retriever. When we say "Love the puppy," she puts her arms around the puppy and hugs him. She and the cat don't get along so good. It's a Siamese, and Siamese are rather like Satanists--they're solitary creatures.

LISA: Wolfgang wishes he had a three-legged dog that couldn't get away from his hugs. Our cat's too fast for him.

Could you describe heaven and hell?

BOB: *I can't. The bible does. From the bible I can infer that both are specific locations--they're not nebulous fantasies of the mind; they are locales. Secondly, one is being totally in the presence of God and the other is being totally alienated from the presence of God--forever being where God cannot be. To be apart from God is the greatest terror and torment. Apart from God, there is nothing but the overwhelming, total presence of evil.*

LISA: So if these are specific locales, can I get on a rocket ship and go visit?

BOB: No, because there's an impassable gulf between human existence and heaven and hell.

LISA: I noticed you have a whole research library of things like Madonna videos and *Rollerderby* magazines...how much time would you say you spend looking at pornography per week?

BOB: *[laughs]* Uh, zero. Except when it comes to something like this. They showed me your magazine and I said, "That's disgusting." Looked at two or three pages and threw it away. But I knew you wanted to do an interview with me, and so I said I owe her that courtesy, so I picked up your magazine again and spent about ten minutes with it. I found your magazine very depressing. Sad. Sad and depressing.

LISA: Anything else?

BOB: I don't even find it erotic.

LISA: It's more utilitarian. But anyway, enough about me. I understand you are able to get gay people straight. How do you accomplish that?

BOB: It all depends on what the source of homosexuality is. I try to find out the dysfunctional core of what created that. In my opinion, in 90% to 95% of cases occurred during periods of cognizance, so they can trace back to what it was--a molestation, a dysfunctional same-sex parent relationship or whatever. There are a handful of cases which I believe are pre- or post-natal influences on behalf of the parents, and those are tougher to get to the bottom of. One fella--we agreed to pray together that we would find his birth father who had abandoned him as a baby. And his homosexual escapades were really a search for the father figure he never knew. Through a series of miraculous circumstances we found his

birth father and he became reconciled to him. That did not cure him immediately, but it affirmed to him his maleness in a new context, and he was able to get a real grip on his life. Eventually he was able to get free and develop a heterosexual lifestyle.

LISA: You understand that many of our readers are going to object to the word "cure" for switching from gay to straight.

BOB: That's because they would like to believe they were born that way, they'll always be that way, and there's nothing wrong with being that way. But they're really kidding themselves. What I tell those people is, "Get real, get naked, look in a mirror and see what God made. God don't make junk. And God doesn't put the plumbing in backwards. There's only certain ways it works to do what it's supposed to do."

LISA: I'm gonna have to bleep you if you keep going like this! *[Bob kept bleeping me when he interviewed me.]*

How did you meet Bob Guccione, Jr.?

BOB: Seven or eight years ago I invited him to do a debate with me at a religious broadcasters'

convention. And we just kind of hit it off, just as two guys. He and I have spent *hours* talking about spiritual matters. We go out to dinner. The only time we went someplace bad, *I* was the one who wanted to go! I wanted to go to one of the gay clubs.

LISA: That's interesting. How far would you go for your research?

BOB: Well, I've gone pretty far.

LISA: What went on in this gay club?

BOB: Actually, I remember now--I asked him to take me to a *rock* club, and when we walked through the door, there were two guys MAKING IT in the corner! I looked at

Bob, Bob looked at me, and he said, "Maybe they don't showcase rock acts here anymore." Here were about 3,000 guys. So we just hung out there for a while. It was very stifling, very sad--people desperately, desperately trying to seek sexual and emotional intimacy. But in that environment it's absolutely impossible. So I felt sorry for them.

LISA: Didja see some fancy outfits?

BOB: Yes. A lotta "no-outfits" too.

LISA: Did you ever read *Will* by G. Gordon Liddy?

BOB: No, and I've never had an impulse to eat a raw rat or hold my hand over a candle flame, either.

LISA: Oh, so you know what I'm about to ask you.... You talked on the radio about how you overcame your fear of a rooster by...how did you do it?

BOB: I just finally walked up to that red rooster and KICKED 'IM. *[laughter]* That was it.



BOB

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Sex Secrets of Walter Keane

Interview by Devon Christensen, LaJolla California

DEVON: Was there a great love of your life?

WALTER KEANE: First of all, my great love is my paintings. I felt I was telling the world something they really needed to know: that these lost and forgotten children of the world, from war or divorce or famine, that what these children need most is love--someone to look after them and care for them. I saw these children all over the world--bombed-out Europe after the war, or from broken homes, or just deserted.

DEVON: Your work is filled with cats. I always looked at it as a sexual symbol, relating a sexual tension between the cat and the child.

WALTER KEANE: I tried to portray the cat with the same feeling as the child. That the cat also needed someone to hold it and love it; not just be a stray cat.

DEVON: What about dogs?

WALTER KEANE: Natalie Wood's mother raised poodle dogs and over the years Natalie gave me four of them. I named them Degas, Matisse, Rembrandt and El Greco. The one I used the most was Rembrandt. I'm sure the real Rembrandt would give me a kick in the pants if he knew I named a dog after him. But those poodle dogs are really powerful and beautiful.

DEVON: In your book you described meeting Chagall and Picasso during your school years at L'ecole de Beaux Arts in the late '40s. Were they aware of your work at that time?

WALTER KEANE: All they knew was that I was in art school and trying to be painter, more realistic than they were. I used to go to parties at Picasso's place. One night at Picasso's we were all drinking and partying and I put up a canvas and said: "Master, I'm going to lay out ten 100 dollar bills here--you can give them to your girlfriend. All I want you to do is paint XYZ on that canvas and sign "Picasso" and it will be mine. He wouldn't do it; he thought I was making fun of him. But I would have liked to have just that. The XYZ would have made about as much sense to me as some of his work. Many years later, in New York, Salvador Dali got ahold of me and said: "Walt, you're doing a lot of prints of your paintings and I'd like

you to do some of mine. I want them to be big." I said the size we're doing now is about 30 by 36 inches. He said, "Hell, I want them to four feet by five feet."

DEVON: Sofa size.

WALTER KEANE: Right. I told him 30 by 36 was about all we could do and he said, "Well, go to hell then." When I think of some of these news stories about Salvador Dali, like the time he supposedly jumped out of a window in New York, well he had a press agent. To me what happened there was they threw a heavy chair through the window and then he jumps through. Just the way they stage things in the movies. If he would have jumped through that thing it would have killed him.

DEVON: You talk about the wild drinking parties in Paris in your book, and getting "sex at the nod of your head." Were the opportunities really that available?

WALTER KEANE: Every day I met a girl I'd end up going to bed with her--there's no question about it. There were so many of them.

DEVON: You met Collette at this time.

WALTER KEANE: We really had a beautiful relationship; we really cared for each other. The way we met was strange.

DEVON: She was a street walker.

WALTER KEANE: Yes. Her first husband was killed in an accident. She had a little girl named Renee. Collette had some part-time jobs but was having a hard time. She

was at a coffee house one night and a girl said: "Look, why don't we go out some night? I'll show you how to pay your bills for a month in a week. And how to tell if it's a rich guy or a poor guy." So Collette said she would try it. That's when I saw her on the Champs Elysees.

DEVON: Do you have a favorite part of the female body?

WALTER KEANE: Actually, when I would go into class, there would be these big boobs aiming at me. So I would paint the backs of the girls. Finally, one day I came in and set up my gear and they brought in a girl and put her on a table about two feet from me. I looked at her and I said to myself, Walter you don't have to stay here. I looked up at her and she had a black eye like someone had beat her up and she was holding her head like she had a hangover. I could smell her breath where I was,



and I thought I've got to get out of here. Someone said: "Get with it, Walt." So I started painting her and I ended up putting pants on her.

DEVON: Do you have a girlfriend now?

WALTER KEANE: The latest woman that I'm going with, I found that I liked her and we could trust each other. The first time we went out together we were not in bed. We met at a photo copy place. She saw some photocopies of my work and said, "I know that artist." I said, "Oh, do you?" She said, "I was in a gallery once when I was a little girl in San Francisco." I said, "I'm going to meet him in a few minutes in a coffee house next door, why don't you join us?" She said, "Oh, I'd like to meet him." So we went to the coffeehouse and she said, "Well, where is he?" I said, "You're looking at him."

DEVON: In your book you describe your first date with Margaret Keane. You say that you bought her a book by Kerouac--he was a friend of yours.

WALTER KEANE: The first time I ever met that woman was at an art show where I was showing my paintings that I had painted in Europe. She came up to me and claimed I was the greatest artist she'd ever seen in her life. So we went over to Vesuvios and Kerouac was there. When he saw me he would say, "All work and no play makes Walter a dull boy," and then buy a round for everybody. Jack was kind of a nut. He hung around Vesuvios, which is where all the artists hung out. City Lights Bookstore was next door, and then on the corner there was a little Italian restaurant where for 35 cents you could have

a five- or six-course dinner and all the wine you could drink.

DEVON: Kerouac was a heavy drinker at that time.

WALTER KEANE: Oh, quite a bit yes. You're not really aware that people are heavy drinkers, not when you are young like that. You don't think much about it. It's not until you get older and you're a drunk and go to hell and bang up yourself. Then you know you're a sloppy drunk.

DEVON: When you met Margaret she was painting cartoons on neckties.

WALTER KEANE: That's what she told me she'd been doing in New York.

DEVON: Then you taught her to paint using the projector method. She started copying some of the masters, and then eventually went on to copy your work.

WALTER KEANE: You see, I didn't know she was copying my work until I was gone. She was copying Modigliani and El Greco, mostly. In fact, there is a photo in my book showing a Modigliani she was copying. That's when I went over to see her--she was married to another guy then. Now, at the time there were stories out about fake Modiglianis first in the London papers and then picked up in the New York papers. I was quite sure these were her paintings, you see, so I went over to tell her she was going to have to destroy all of them or she would get into trouble.

DEVON: Margaret called you the greatest lover in the world.

WALTER KEANE: Oh yeah. I'll tell you, if you are French-trained....

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DEVON: What were the great secrets of your lovemaking?

WALTER KEANE: I think the French use mostly oral sex. Like I asked Collette once: "How did you ever get to be so good at this--to be able to take a man into your mouth for long periods of time, and really just draw him out, you know?" She said, "A bunch of us girls, when we were about eight or nine, would practice with banan-as." The French girls actually prefer oral sex. That way they don't get pregnant. They don't have to be so careful. They teach you everything. Oh yeah, oh yeah. You have something called not 69, but 71.

DEVON: What is 71?

WALTER KEANE: With two fingers added [laughs].

DEVON: I have heard of 68 1/2.

WALTER KEANE: Yeah?

DEVON: That's where you do me, and I'll do you later.

WALTER KEANE: I don't know any girls who won't do oral sex. I mean, every once in a while, you'll meet a girl and if she's not feeling very well a couple of times during the night she'll just give you oral sex. Just wake you up.

DEVON: That's a good girlfriend.

WALTER KEANE: But you know, there are many aspects to a relationship with a woman--it's not just sex. You want to be proud of the woman, and she wants to be proud of the man, and you want to be sure that she's presentable. If I'm going to give an exhibit of my paintings I want to make sure that the woman has some nice clothes to wear to help me show the paintings. Like Mai Ling--she dressed like a real chic lady. She was

absolutely fantastic. She wanted me to stay with her forever. Collette too--she wanted me to take her with me. If Collette had been alone, I would have. But with her daughter Renee--there's no way to take a mother and a little girl and go to all these different places that I would go to. Even down in Tahiti I would be in a log cabin with no running water and no toilet. And the fumes from painting get so bad at night. All you have is candle light. It's a little dangerous. No place to take a little girl.

DEVON: You tell a story in your book about the night of your wedding to Margaret in Hawaii. You write that she ran off after the ceremony and you found her having sex in the back seat of a car with the parking lot attendant.

WALTER KEANE: Actually, you see, she lost custody of her daughter, and I was having a little problem in the court with Barbara with visitation rights. Her lawyer said it would help her get custody if she married a responsible man. Well, we were drinking one night and she asked me if I would marry her, and I thought, "Well, that would probably help me too." So all-of-a-sudden we went to Honolulu and got married. Then we were having a little party in the hotel and dinner and all of a sudden she disappeared. After about 20 minutes I thought maybe she'd eaten something that didn't agree--maybe she's throwing up or something. Someone checked the ladies rooms and she wasn't in there. I thought maybe she went outside because she was a little dizzy or something. We couldn't find her anyplace. Then I noticed our car wasn't where we parked it. I walked about and there was no parking lot attendant. I looked and down below, by



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some trees, I saw my car. I heard some laughter, and there she was nude in the car with the parking lot attendant and a couple of guys waiting.

DEVON: She was taking on a crowd.

WALTER KEANE: They were parking lot attendants too.

DEVON: She must have had an incredible sexual appetite.

WALTER KEANE: Yeah, yeah.

DEVON: Did you have an open marriage?

WALTER KEANE: That was the first night.

DEVON: It doesn't get much more open than that! It's probably been 50 years now since you began your career as a lover of women and a painter. How have women changed in that time? And what do you think of women of today's generation?

WALTER KEANE: Well, right now I think it's a little bit sad what I hear about things...I forget the word they use...but if a man wants to pat a girl on the fanny and say "Hello Baby," the girl will take some kind of legal action for sexual harassment. Hell, I probably could have been hung fifty times for that! Hardly a day goes by that I don't see a girl who is gorgeous, and I tell her so. The place where I'm dancing, there's one woman and she's got a guy, and whenever I go there they are dancing together. And I say to her, "You've been dancing with your brother long enough," and I start dancing with her. She says, "Walter, that's not my brother, that's my boyfriend." So I tell her, "He can be your boyfriend. I'll just be your lover."

Now you have these crazy ads where men want to meet men and women want to meet women. Well, in the world I lived in you didn't have to worry about that. You just go and there's women there. You go to the library and there will be women, you walk into a drug store or grocery store--you don't have to be in a bar drunk. It is quite different today. I live in a little world of my own now, actually, and I get a letter from girls quite often. In fact I got another letter today from a girl. She doesn't say that she's married, but she says that it was very nice meeting me and that she's enjoyed my book and a few things.

DEVON: Can you describe for me your dream date?

WALTER KEANE: I like a woman with a clean, washed face. The other day when I saw Maggie she had lipstick on and I said she should wipe it off. She kissed me and said: "Now you can wipe it off of you." I don't like a lot of makeup and I don't really care much about perfumes. If you are chewing on an ear lobe and it's full of perfume you don't usually like it.

DEVON: You write that we create our own heaven and we create our own hell. What can we do to create more heaven and less hell in our lives?

WALTER KEANE: First of all, I live with me and I like me. I like what I'm doing and I'm doing everything I can all the time.

I don't make plans too far ahead. You just have to learn to like yourself. But the most important thing for me in my life today, in anyone's life, should be your health. Joan Crawford would have given 10 million dollars to have lived another year.

DEVON: You are so vigorous. How do you maintain your vigor?

WALTER KEANE: I dance a lot.

DEVON: You studied ballet in Paris, didn't you?

WALTER KEANE: Just so that I could paint ballerinas better. But I dance, I am always dancing. Twirling around this way, twirling around that way [*he demonstrates*].

DEVON: You are also very slim.

WALTER KEANE: When I go to someone's house for a turkey dinner I say just give me a child's portion. I want half of whatever you give everyone else.

DEVON: In India they believe you should eat one-third less than what you are hungry for--that this is one of the great secrets of longevity.

WALTER KEANE: This idea of restaurants that say ALL YOU CAN EAT--it turns people into fat pigs. They just stuff themselves. If I don't eat all day it's OK with me. I had a beautiful bran muffin this morning, a glass of orange juice and a cup of coffee.

DEVON: You mentioned the film script you are developing for the movie about your life story. If an actor would play your role, who would it be?

WALTER KEANE: I couldn't name anybody offhand except for my son Sascha--he's built like me, but he's a little more aggressive with women than I was at his age. He's a tall, handsome boy. But Winona Ryder, she would be good for Collette. By the way, in the Time Magazine issue from January 9th on page 65, the second paragraph, the article describes her as having "Walter

Keane eyes." I sent her a book and asked her to read it.

DEVON: Who would play Margaret?

WALTER KEANE: I don't have anything to do with her. No way, shape or form.

DEVON: She doesn't even enter into your mind anymore.

WALTER KEANE: Never, never, never. I just consider her a bad apple.

DEVON: Is that a regret you have about your life?

WALTER KEANE: I don't give it much importance. I give something about 15 minutes of my time. If I don't like it I throw it back and it's gone. Fifteen minutes and that's it. But [my first wife] Barbara and I are still friends.

DEVON: Is the movie script of your book in development? There's plenty of material to work with in your book! Shipwrecks with models, French hookers, barroom brawls with mobsters, bitter lawsuits, beatnik drinking parties....

WALTER KEANE: It's got everything. I think it will make a

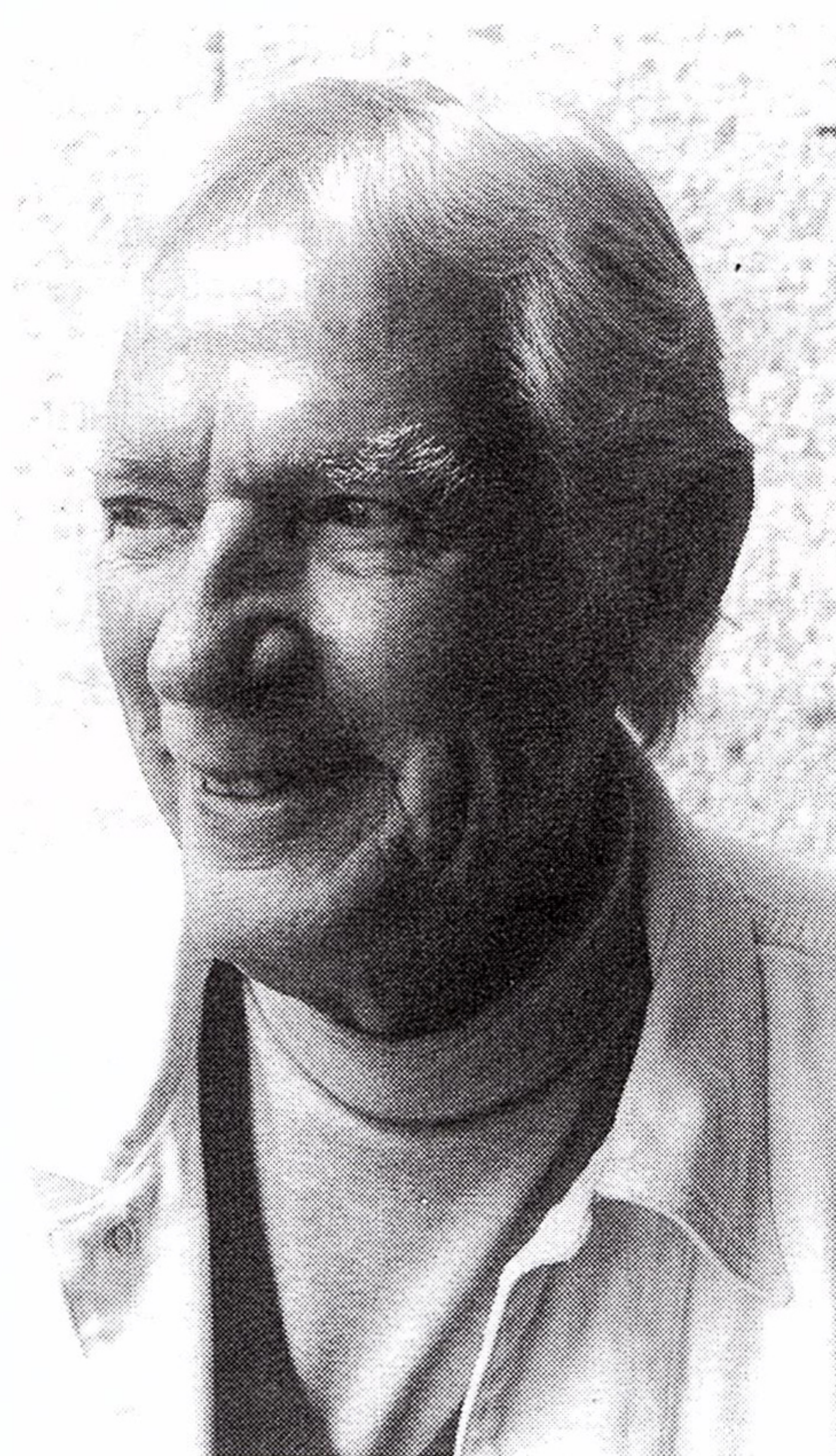


photo by Devon

better movie than Van Gogh or Gauguin--but not better than Toulouse Lautrec, with Jose Ferrer. I knew him. You know, in that movie, he was on his knees for the entire film. Fantastic.

DEVON: You designed a set of puppets in the late '40s that was sold at I. Magnin and FAO Schwartz.

WALTER KEANE: Barbara may still have some. The puppets had large eyes, and were made in Chinatown in San Francisco.

DEVON: At one time you were a very wealthy man.

WALTER KEANE: Oh yeah, I was big rich a couple of times. See, when I told my dad I was going to be an artist, he said, "They don't make any money. You have to learn about business." So when I went to college I took business courses. You have to know how to negotiate a loan. I ran my businesses for a while, but then had some problems. One day I was working in my garden in Berkeley and I saw some birds flying by. I said, "Wait, I'm one of you!" And three days later I was on a boat going through the Panama Canal on my way to Europe. That's the way I've always lived. Whatever I wanted to do, I did it. I decided to be an artist and from then on this is how I've lived.



Very Personals

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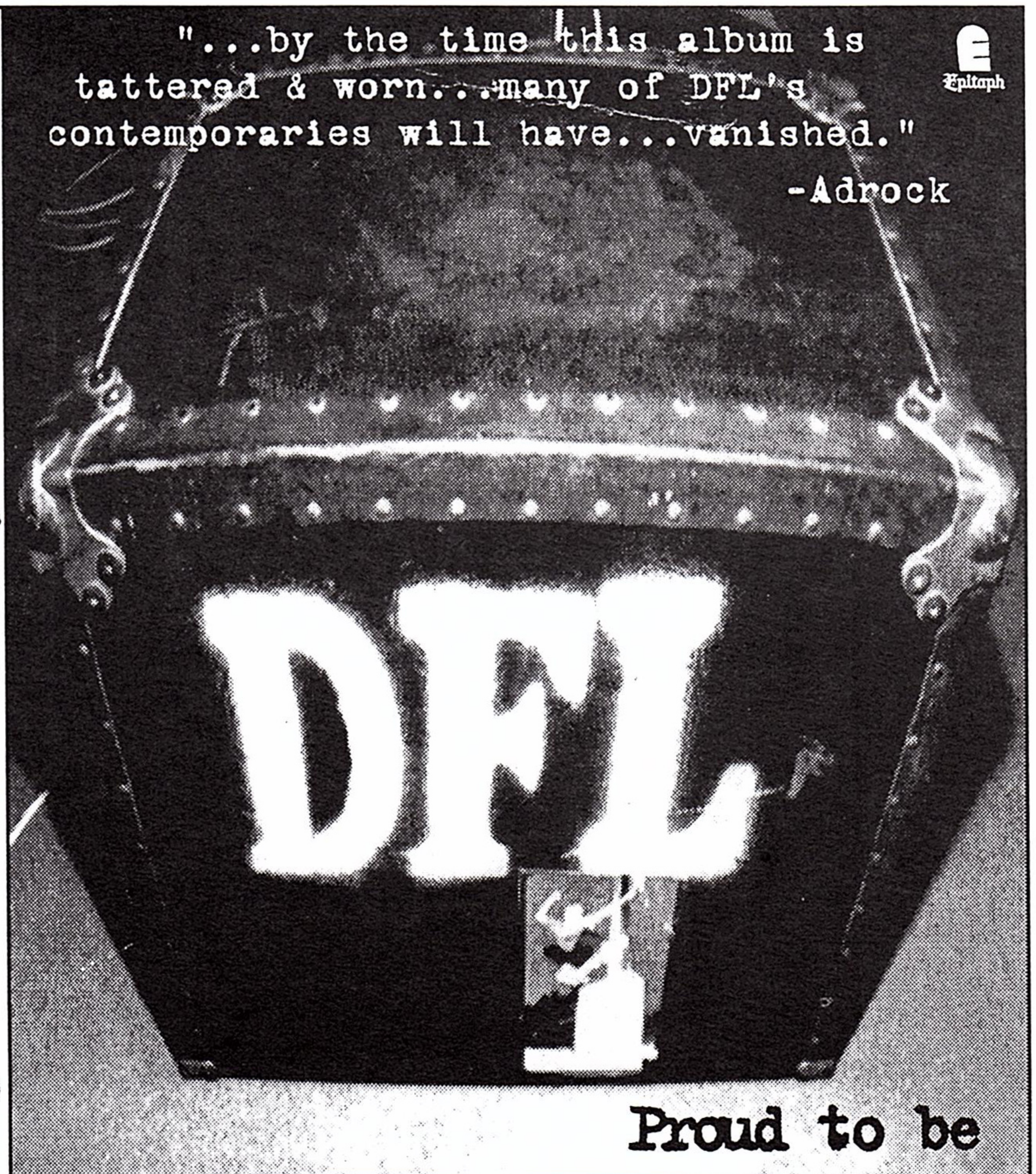
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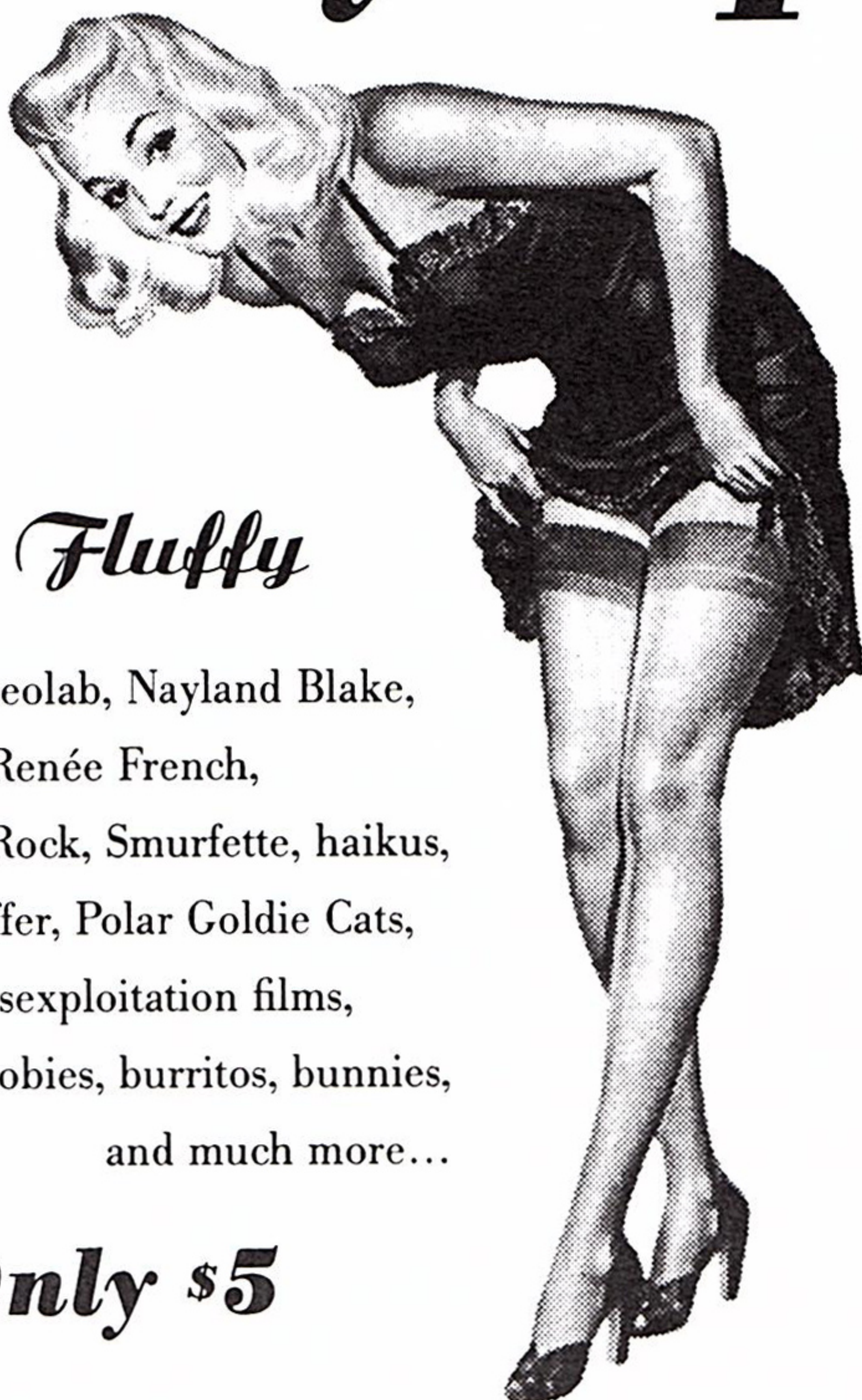
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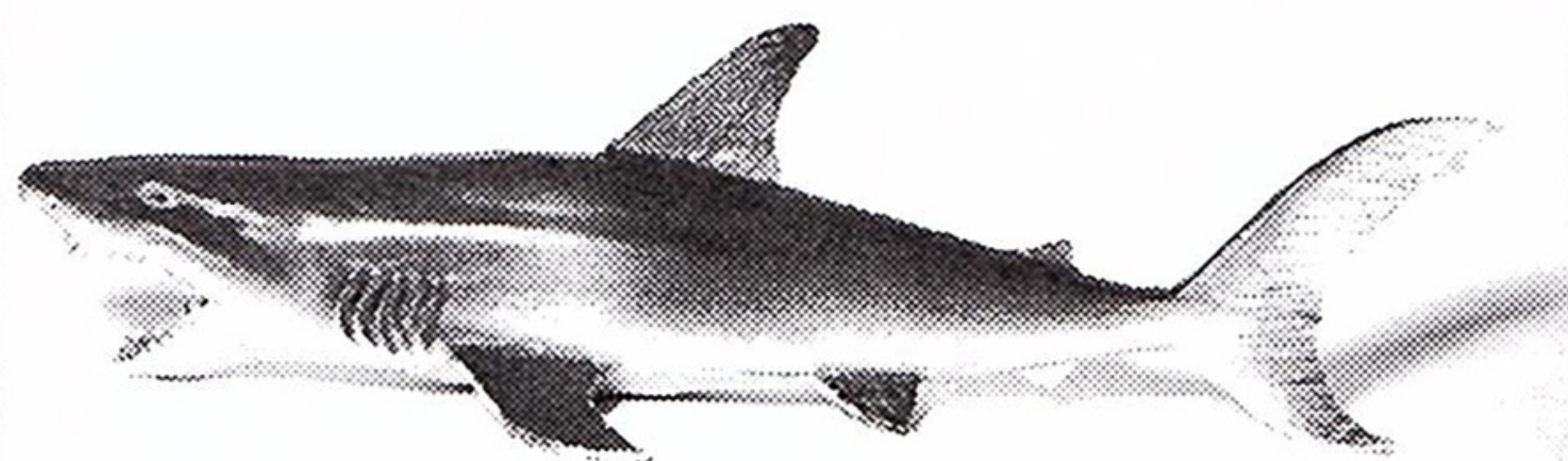
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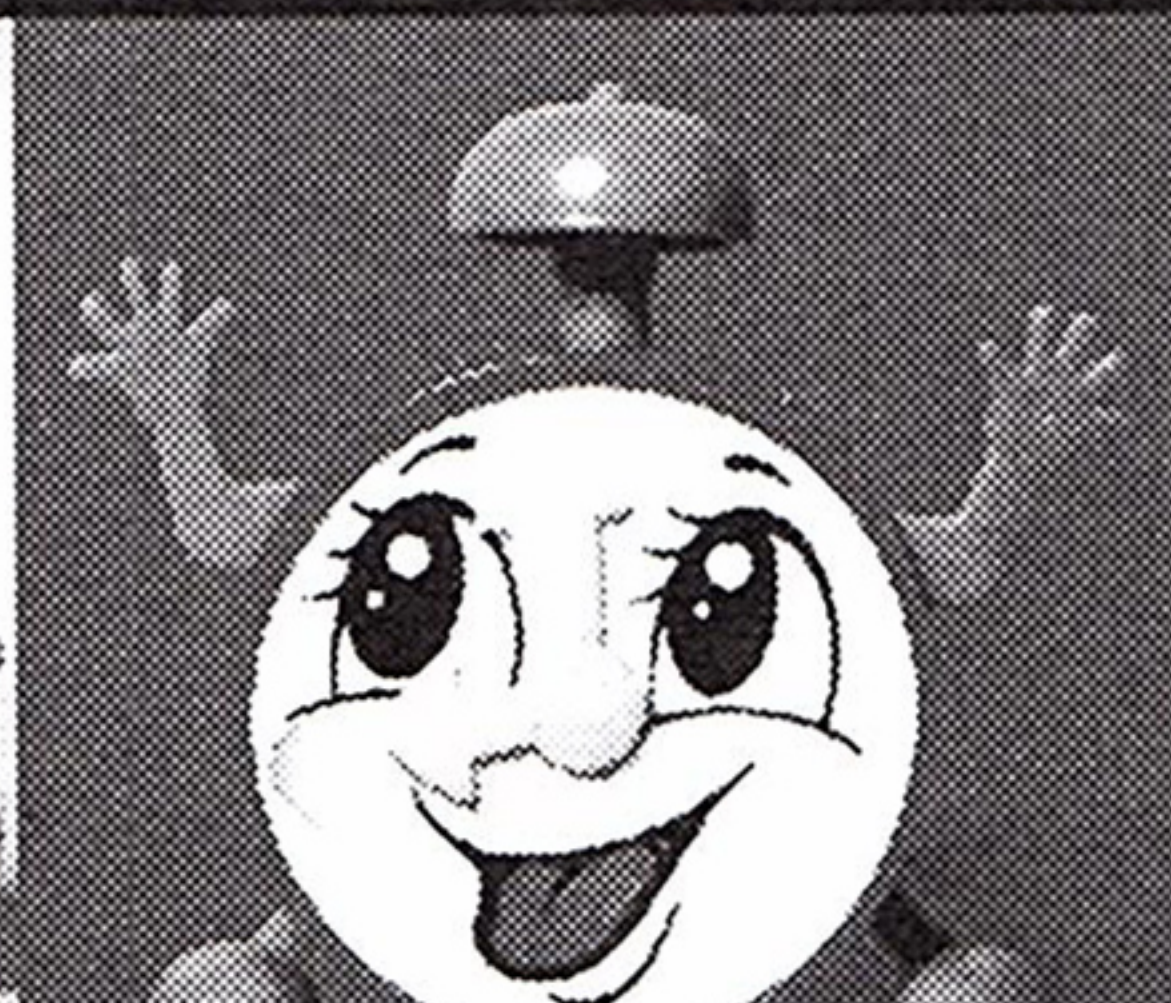
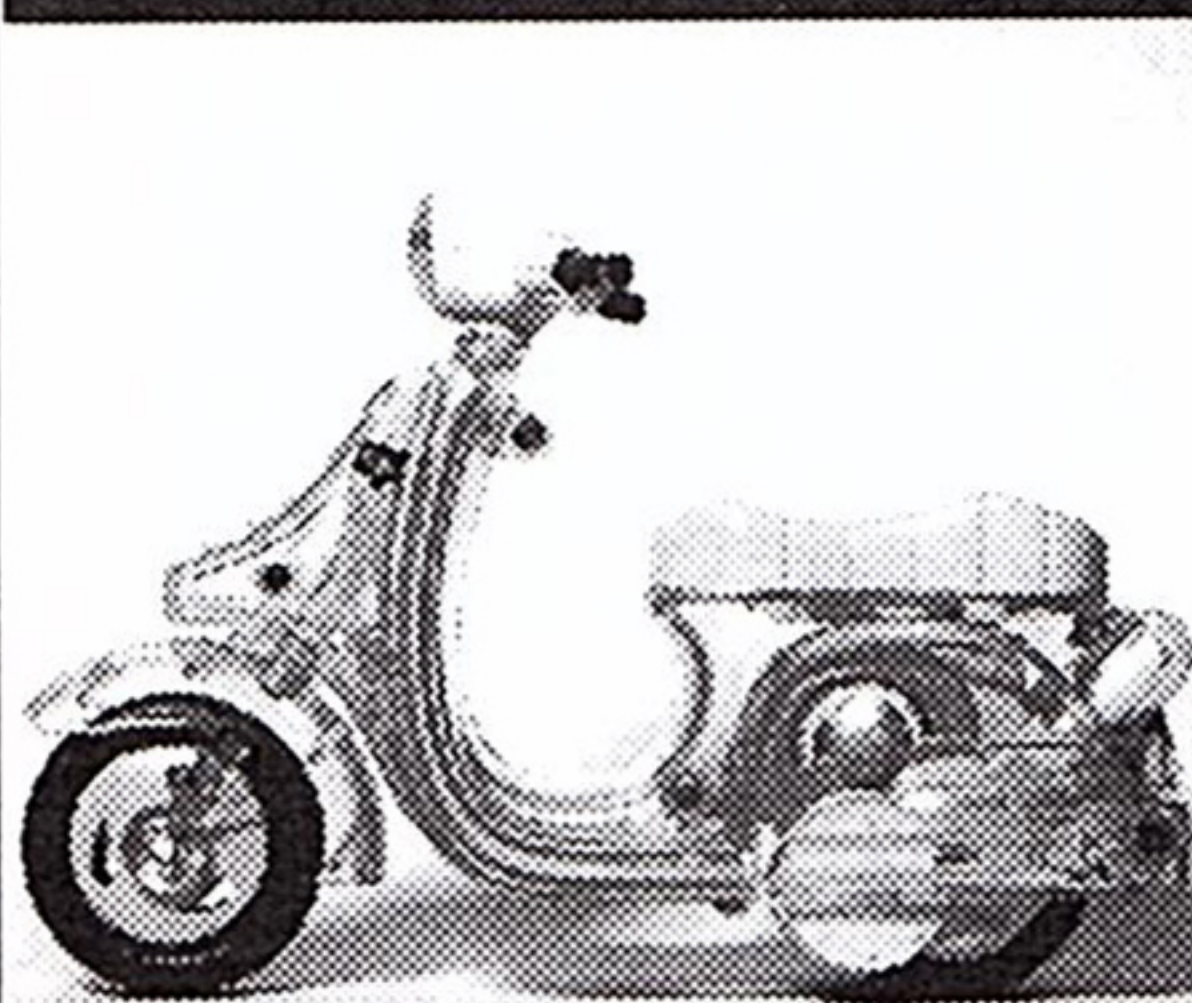
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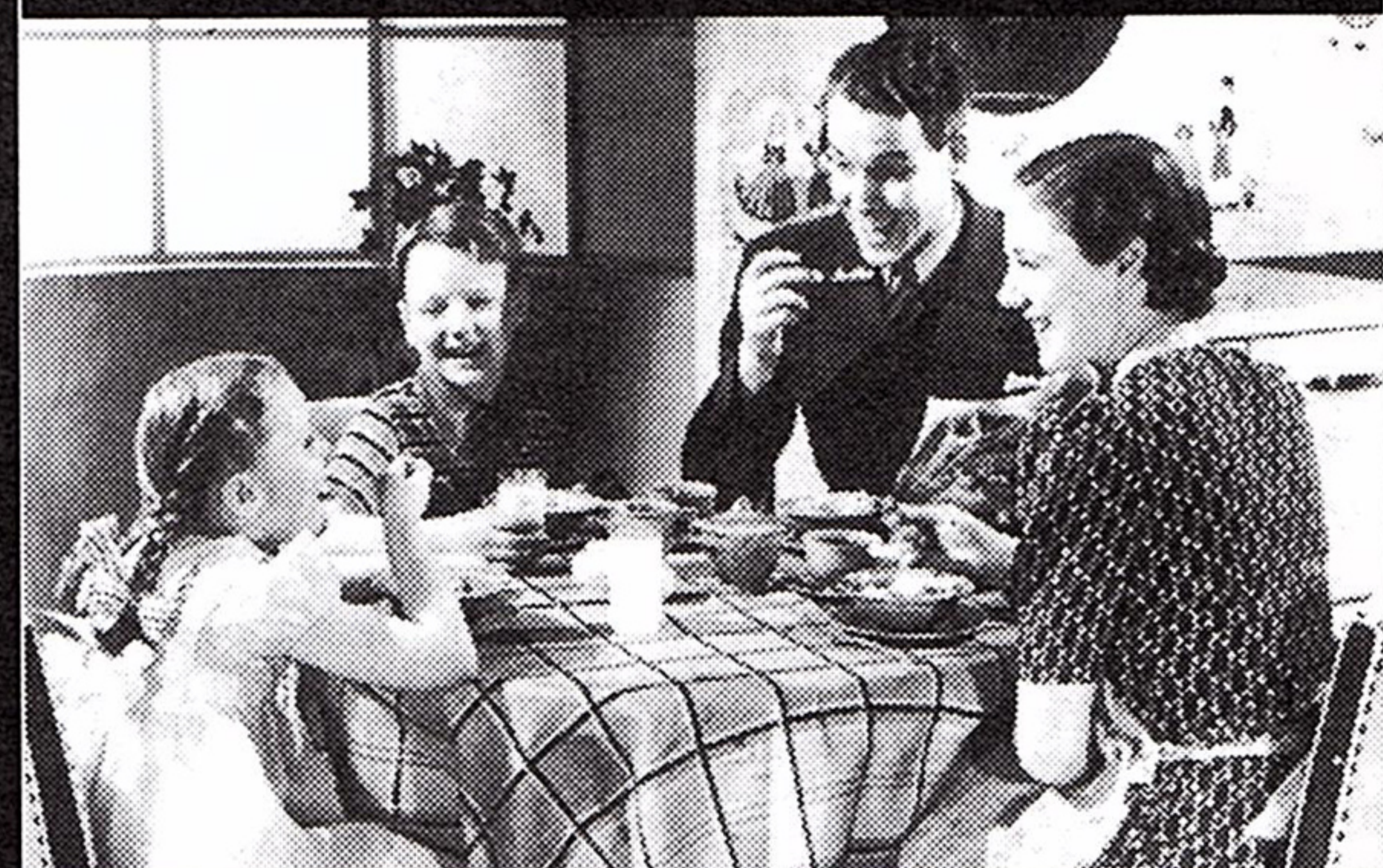


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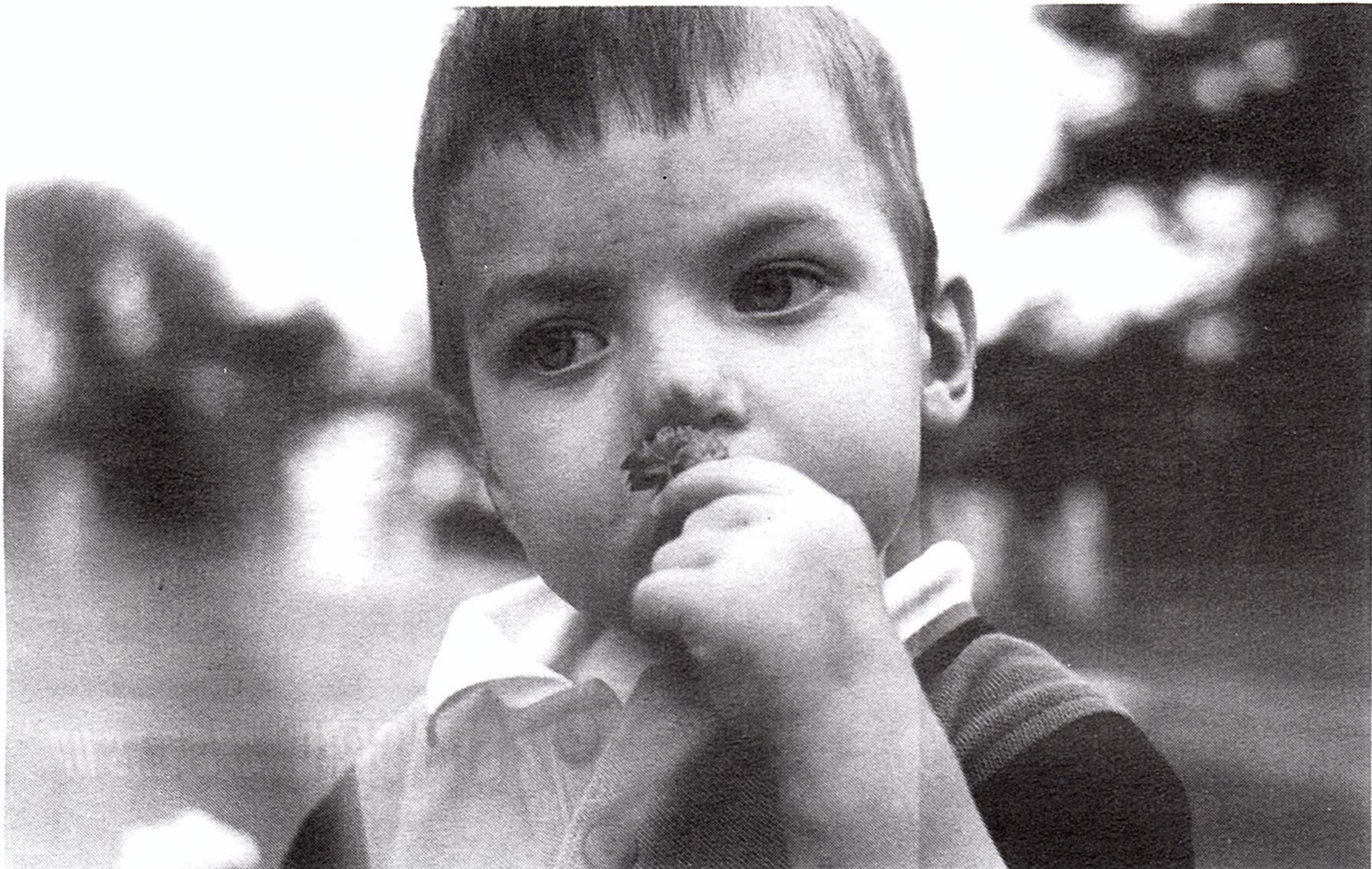


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Wolfgang

Wolfgang is such a he-man, he's not even two and already has fuzz on his back. He likes rocks, big trucks, spiders, fire, ghosts, blood, snow, bugs, bones, dirt, airplanes, puddles, and garbage--anything gross, scary or outside. I took him to the cemetery and he yelled, "Gravestone, gravestone, gravestone, gravestone!" and kissed every single gravestone he saw --about 100 of them. He exhibited particular fascination with the mold growing on the older ones. He appreciates flowers and kittens, but says no to dolls. He is gentle with animals, and if I get hurt, Wolf cries. When he's building things out of Play-doh (and inevitably what he builds are lawnmowers and snakes, and then the lawnmower runs over the snake), he squeezes so hard the veins on his neck stand out. But then he gazes at his creation and whispers "Puh-puh" (that's how he says Play-doh) so reverently. We go to the hardware store down the street about five times a day, per Wolf's request. He has to do inventory. If a wheelbarrow has been sold and moved off the lot, he notices. He also has to inspect the screws selection. Wolf's tool and screw obsession is not normal. As he wasn't the least bit satisfied with play tools, I bought him a set of real screwdrivers, which he carries with him at all times. He is very obedient about never running with them, for he would not want to lose his greatest treasure on earth. While all the other kids at the playground slide and swing and socialize, Wolf will go under the ride to look for screws and try to dismantle it. His interest in locked boxes and hidden things will serve him well in his future relationships with the ladies. All day long he says absurd stuff like he wants to tickle the light or kiss a cloud. He loves the way things look in the dark. He delights in disgusting and scaring me. People tell me he has a great sense of humor. This morning I said to him, "Grammy's coming over today and she has a present for you. What do you suppose it is?" He said, "Garbage." He knows garbage is dirty and not what one gives for presents. I said, "No, really, what do you think it is?" He said, "Garbage! Garbage!" That's probably not the funniest joke in the world, but I think it's pretty good for a person who only really started getting a grasp of language in the last two months. (Plus, you'd have to know my mother.) He loves to say "WOW!" He loves to show me his muscles. For Mother's Day I received a kiss and a dandelion. At least it used to be a dandelion--after Wolf got through mangling it, only a little green nub was left. I liked it like that because it reflected his personality--generous and fierce. (It is pretty generous of an almost-two-year-old to give away the flower they picked.) Even though we don't share any of the same interests, I really like my odd, rough little man.



Wolfgang thoughtfully sniffs a flower he stole from some poor dead person.

Girls'

What I love so much about childhood is you do so much neat stuff: cast spells, teach pets tricks, streak, sneak around, change your voice on purpose, change your handwriting, have beauty make-over days with my friends.... I'd love to still do those things, but for some reason I never get around to it anymore.

My first two books are coming out this year: *Rollerderby* on Feral House and *Dancing Queen* on Henry Holt (yes, the people who do text books!). My next book will be on girls' diaries, ages five to 18. I think it will be a good book!--sad, mean, wonderful and silly. It will be broken up into sections--hating parents, first kiss, virginity loss, God, drugs, popularity, best friends, dreams, revenge plans, dances, and everything else. I would love to include excerpts from your diary and give you a bunch of money for it! Please send me a couple photocopied pages of your diary along with your phone number and I'll get back to you. I'm printing here a few excerpts from my diary, on my favorite subject (boys), to show you that your life need not have been unusual or exciting, and your writing need not be "good." It needs to be one thing only: real diary writing.

1/14/80

Dear Booky

Me and Ginger were posing like hookers in the street. No one noticed except a few old woman and men who looked at us as if we were indecent and what is this world coming to? Then this sporty yellow sports car with a good looking guy about 22 or so. He pulled over and beeped and we ran away.

Ma treated us to candy at Reikarts.

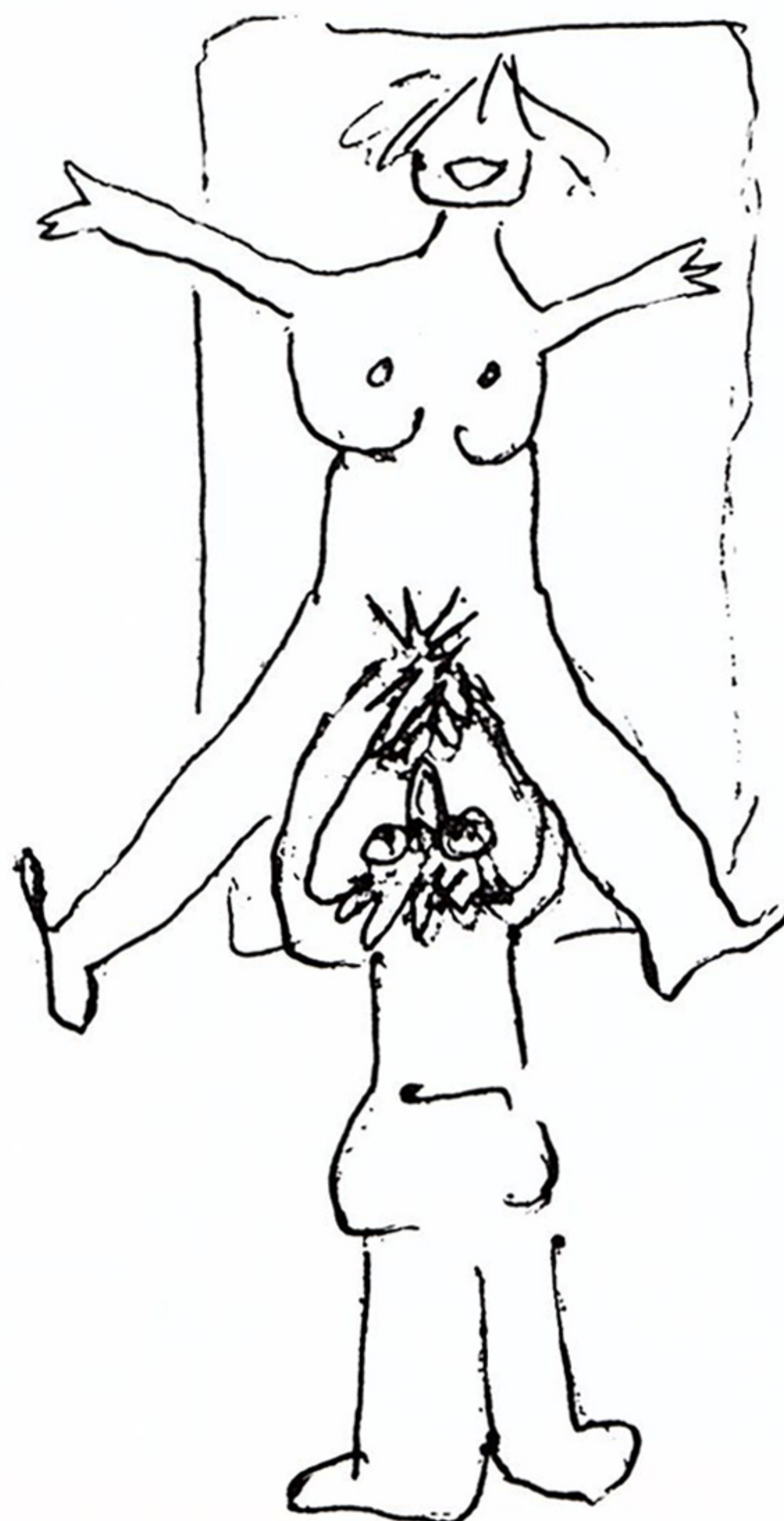
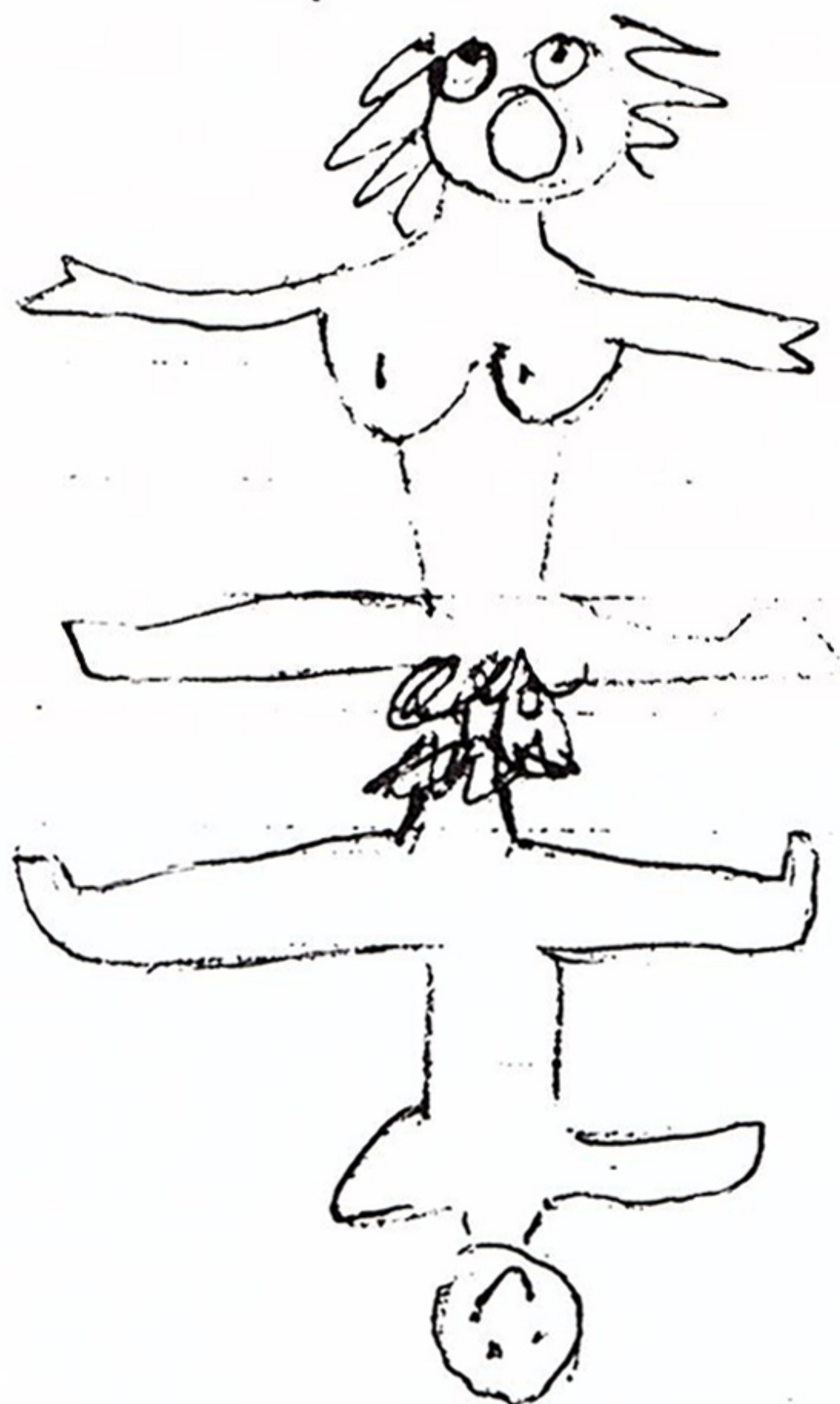
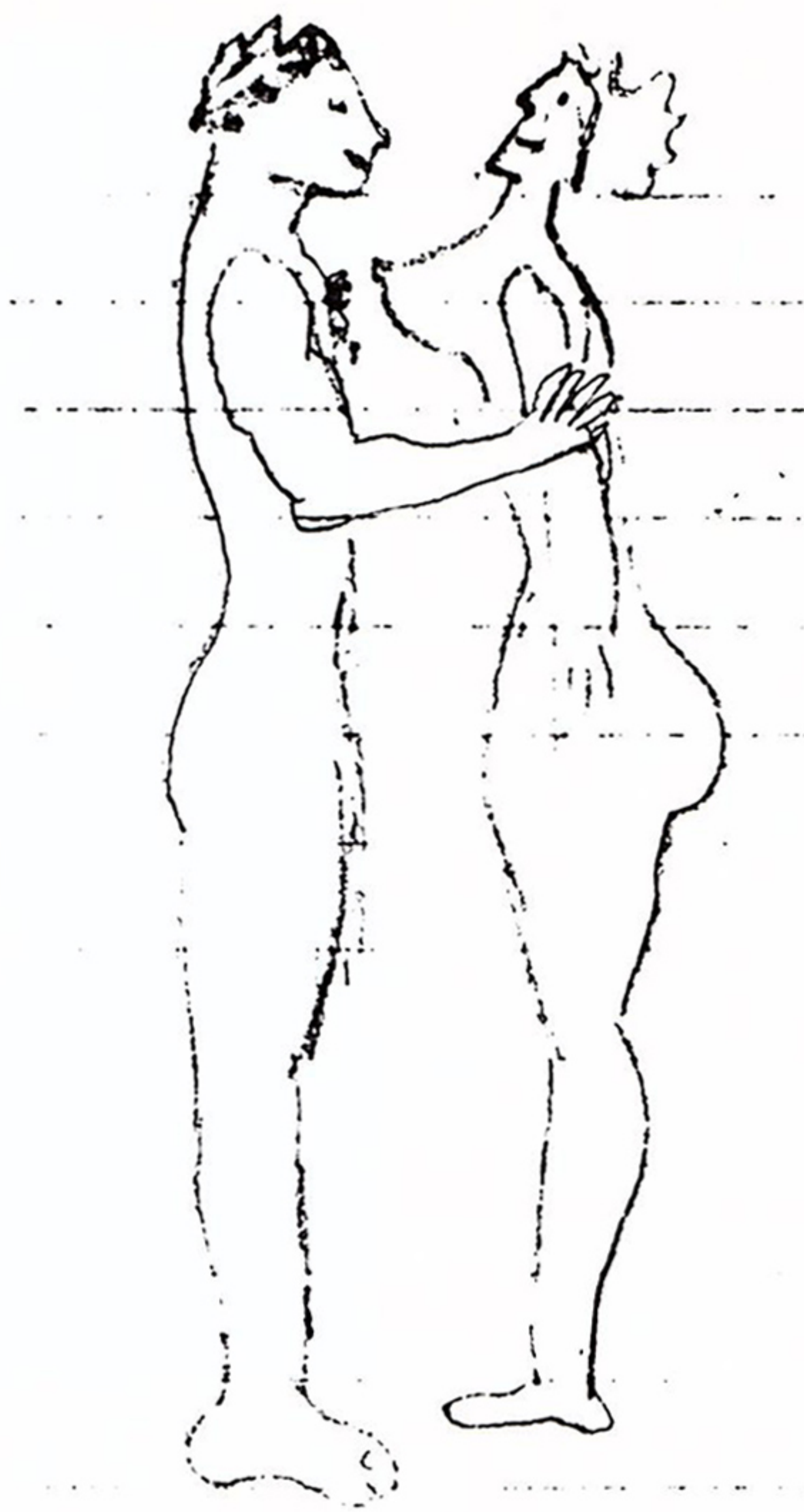
I had to stay in for recess. I kicked Robert. I almost hate Miss Pomerlow. We need better supervision on the playground.

David broke up with me. I'm really glad.

None of the boys like me.

I'm gonna try to be shy. I'm too outgoing. Joey called me a retard. I like Joey. So does Ginger.

Ginger hasn't broke up with Ralph but she's going to. She's got to make sure of this kid at the rollerskating rink. He's in



Diaries

6 grade. He's kind of nice. He's sorta short. He's got a kinda round head. He said I was "pretty nice." I like him.

Ginger, Ma, and I play Monopoly all the live-long day. Ginger and Ma always get Boardwalk and Parkplace. I *never* get them. I have *never*. Right now I'm throwing a temper tantrum because Ma and Ginger both hit Shortline and it's the only railroad out of three that I have in hawk. Ma just got Pennsylvania. The last remaining railroad!

My favorite candy bar is Snicker. My favorite drink is Sprite. My favorite activity is rollerskating. I *love* to rollerskate! I want to rollerskate, rollerskate, rollerskate!

I hate it when Ma calls me Leese.

Ginger gets a peculiar ammount of wedgees.

I want money! Money! Money! Money!

--Lisa, the Great

Feb 18, 1980

Dear Booky

I don't know what's come over me! It all started this morning when I went to the Newington Mall. I started to ask the waitress for a barbarian pretzel when I spotted him. He wasn't Prince Charming, but I still reacted. He had a wide face with blue eyes, brown hair, a regular nose and mouth. He was about an inch taller than me. I turned a bright crimson and quickly turned my face away and tried to ask for the pretzel but said something more like "eeek". I was horrified at my behavior. I had always handled boys nicely before that!

After that I went to the pet store and remained there for about 3 hours. I studied Iguanas and snakes and other reptiles (frog, lizard, turtle...)

At McDonalds I heard some kids talking about some cute girl. I, of course, knew it wasn't me. Minutes later, I heard a Woo Woo whistle. I looked to see who they were shistling at, and lo and behold, a kid (cute) pointed to another kid (cute) and said "I didn't do it--HE did!" It's nice to be whistled at. I got up 15 min.s later and left. As soon as I did those kids did too. They got in a van. I stood near McDonalds waiting for Ma. They started yelling all sorts of nice things at me. "Hey girl" "Want to have a ride home with us" etc. etc. etc.

A lot of things are happening that's boosting my ego.
I hope I don't get overpompous.

March 31, 1980

We have a new kid in our class. He's ugly, but he's good in sports. I thought he was an o-k kid until he said to Ginger, "You are a loose bum." Ginger had been showing Robert at what height he should cut his hair. "Why?" she said. "Because," David John said, "You talk to boys and you touch their ears." I hope he go's away. He's better than Bob Calwell though.

6/29/80

Dear Booky

I was walking by 1st street when Mike Cantin (sigh) and Randy Woods (yawn) said Leeesaaa. I was pretty happy cause I thought I looked nice. I was wearing red thongs, green cords, rainbow disco belt around my shirt, my kawola bear and "L" stickpin. On the rest of the way home I was saying my name all kinds of ways and that's when I decided I hate it.

My main goals: 1 to become a great and famous writer
2. to raise my kids right.

Charlie kicked me in the cocksic bone. Sure to get black and blue. I'll get him!

previous page artwork is from Lisa's diary.



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My New Roommate

by Boyd Rice

The apartment I live in had at one time been a girls' school attended by Mamie Eisenhower, Buffalo Bill's daughter, and wealthy young girls from all over the country. When I moved in, people said, "You know that building's haunted, don't you? A couple young girls hanged themselves on the premises." The people who said that to me had known people who had lived in the building and had odd experiences--felt areas of cold air, things like that. I didn't pay much attention to it, because I was never a believer in life after death.

For the first three years I lived here, nothing out of the ordinary happened. Then one evening I was sitting in my room reading when something caught my eye. I looked up, and there was a little girl standing in the corner of my room. She was maybe 12, but it was hard to tell because her hair was odd. And her clothing was odd--she was wearing a sort of nightshirt. She could be 16 or 17, I just don't know. I began to formulate the words in my mouth to ask, "Who are you? How did you get in my house?" As my lips moved to form the words, she vanished as I was looking at her. I thought, "That was really weird. It must be my imagination."

Nothing else happened until Lisa moved in with me. I was setting in the back bedroom one evening watching television and thought I saw Lisa in a nightgown walk past the door. And I thought, "Where did she come from? There's nothing there. There's only the boarded-over stairwell." I got up and found Lisa, who was in front of her computer in her office, and asked her if she just walked by. She said, "No, I've been here for an hour." Again I convinced myself it must have been my mind playing tricks on me.

The next time, I was laying on the bed in the back bedroom and I didn't have any clothes on, and I felt a pinch on my butt. I thought it was Lisa and I turned around to look and saw that there was nobody in the room. I got up and again Lisa was in front of her computer, and again I thought, "Hm. That was strange."

After Lisa left, I was going through some wild emotions, and a lot of these experiences happened right in a row. I was laying in my room trying to go to sleep, and there was that girl

standing at the head of the bed, looking down at me. I sprang up out of bed, and she wasn't there. I thought maybe I wasn't actually awake, and that was just a weird little dream.



Another time I was in bed asleep and I felt hands on me, pushing and shaking me, and I could hear a voice saying, "C'mon, c'mon, c'mon." Frankly, I was terrified. I could barely speak, but I said, "Who are you?" I could clearly hear a voice say, "It's Nola." A chill went up my spine. I was wide awake and scared, and I thought, "OK, that was real. That was not an hallucination. This is something that I experienced. If that happened, then all the other times happened too. I've always trusted my instincts and intuition and the judgment of my senses. If I trust my senses so implicitly in every other case, why can't I trust them in these cases that don't seem probable?" So I decided there was

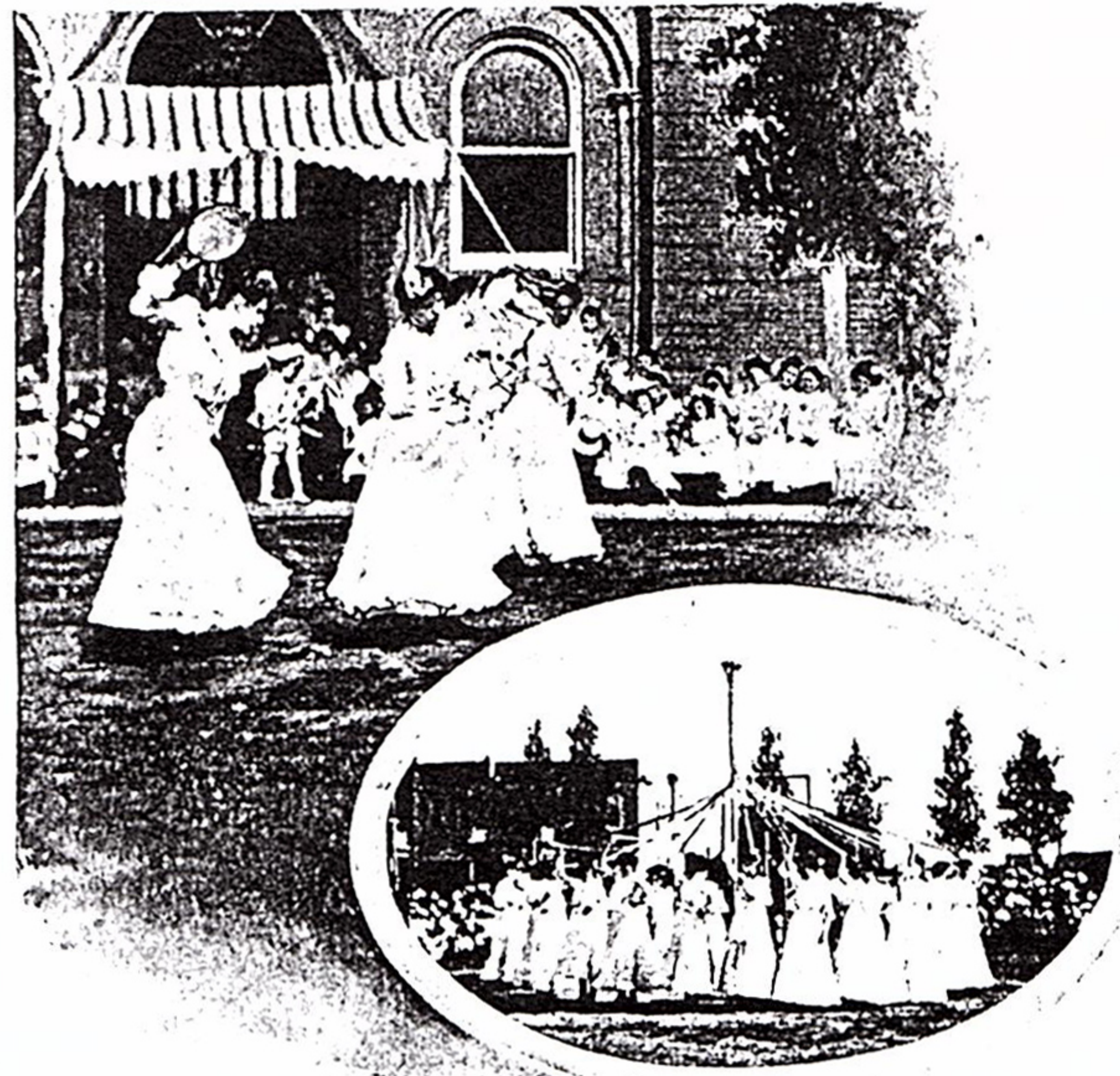
definitely the ghost of a little girl named Nola living in the apartment with me. I called up these girls who do Ouija board and asked them to have a seance in my house to contact Nola. And I want to do research in the library to see if Nola was one of the girls who died by suicide. These things I will do when I'm back in the country. [Boyd is in Australia right now.]

The majority of the sightings occurred in my bedroom.

Something I've always noticed about that room is there seems to be an intensely high electricity in the air that I don't see in the other rooms. When you move the bedspread, there are sparks. When I pet the cat in that room, I can see a wave of sparks in her fur.

I felt a little weird being alone in this big, huge, quiet place feeling that there was a little girl in here. A few days after Nola told me her name, I was in the back room thinking about her when a picture that had been hanging calmly for a year literally *flew* off the wall and landed at my feet. I was several feet away from the wall. It was a picture of Lisa in an Angora sweater.

I haven't gone off the deep end, getting books about earthbound spirits or anything. In fact, I've only told two people about this, and I really thought long and hard on whether I should tell anybody. But it was a very real experience, so I figured why not tell it.



*Dear Highlands and Mother
we claim you this day
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P.S. This issue is late for the first time ever and skimpy. That's because, well, first of all I took Wolf and left Boyd on 28 December 1995 after he did something bad to me, due to me having been very bad to him. In my fury over the next five months while we did not speak to each other, I wrote a 50-page article on it, to be printed here. I sent it to him to give him a chance to defend himself in print within the same issue. He sent back a 50-page...I don't know *what* to call it. Juicy personal details is what *Rollerderby* was built on, but our 100 pages were the pettiest, meanest thing I have ever seen *ever* in my life. One example of content is Boyd admitted (gleefully) that in the end of our living together he had purposely tormented me in order to reap the pleasure of watching my "scrawny little body tremble." I thought maybe I was paranoid and imagining things with him. I guess not! I wonder now if I am truly a masochist (as opposed to what I thought I was--a healthy person playing games with masochism because it's exciting and fun), because after I read Boyd's thing I felt eviscerated--and still I felt exactly as drawn to him as I always have (which is completely). I guess that must mean I don't mind too much being gutted and destroyed. One should really mind that. But what can I say? I love him, I like him, I adore him. I miss the way he tastes and the way he moves and all the things he is. I even believe him that he was visited by a ghost. When a man does something bad and the woman says on *The Ricki Lake Show* that she still loves him, the entire audience boos. They think you should go look for love with someone who might not ever do something bad. So now I'm afraid my *Rollerderby* audience are going to send me booing letters. Don't, please. My family and friends already warn me, "Don't forget how cruel and vicious he can be." It seems like people have always been warning me about Boyd. But I know exactly how cruel he can be, and how cruel I can be too. I haven't forgotten any of it. I haven't forgotten how sweet, patient, generous and wonderful he can be either. I'm just smitten. Anyway, our horrible articles about each other is what got us talking again, oddly enough, and now most of what we wrote seems inappropriate, so even though the information therein is probably of interest to a certain type of person, this issue is 100 pages short, and I'm blushing with happiness about it. I guess women *are* crazy. But it's not like men are so sane either, you men!

SUB
POP

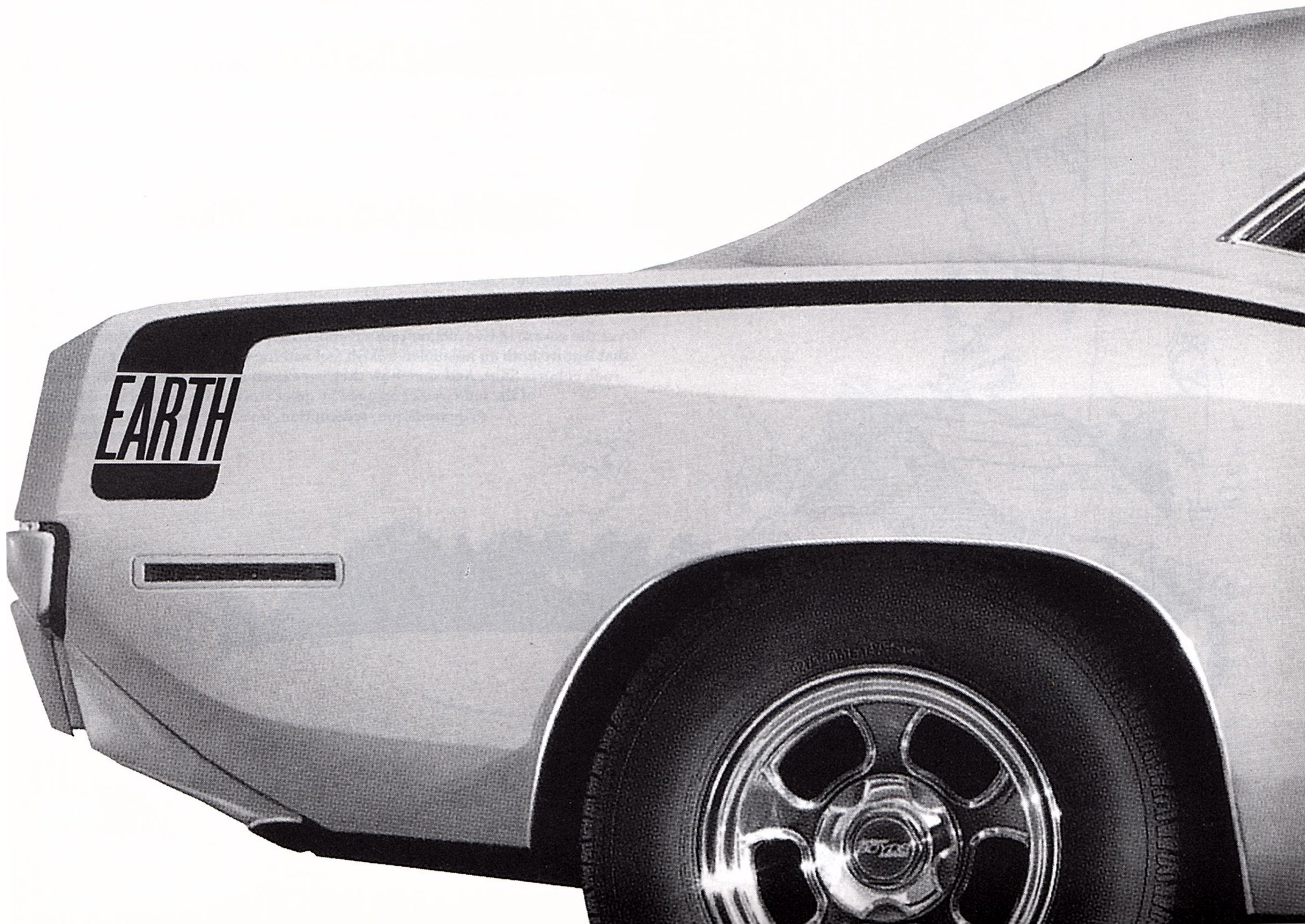
PENTASTAR: IN THE STYLE OF DEMONS



The New Release LP or CD / SP 361 on Sub Pop Records

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ARISE THEREFORE

"Mark put *There Is No-One What Will Take Care Of You* on the hi-fi with no introduction late one Friday afternoon. Before long, everyone was staring mournfully out the windows at the gray winter sky. Then we snapped out of it, put on Jamiroquai, and told Mark to go ahead with his interview."

Mark Oltarsh, *KGB*

"Oldham treads the road on which Throwing Muses, Polly Harvey and Nick Cave had roamed, and hopefully, it will take him to the success the latter two had reached. Even though public recognition has mostly skipped Palace till now, Nick Cave stated in an interview conducted before his last visit to Israel that his favorite music of late is the Palace Brothers'. Kim Deal, who is close, probably, to gaining an official status of a low-fi patron, named their first album as her favorite."

Tel Aviv Time

"Slippery wit that he is, Oldham has chosen a cheesily and seriously macho form to cheesily and seriously explore the mutable faces of sex: playful, cosmic, fragile, macho, selfish, violent, transformative, etc... When Oldham's narrator celebrates a lover who comes to him nightly "with a different face and legs that will not quit," he acknowledges that his female partners are walking, moving metamorphosing... Sexual puns in full effect, [he] posits fucking as the amusement park's most dangerous attraction, a psychic time out of time with physical consequences. And vice versa."

Terri Sutton, *LA Weekly*

"You are a misunderstood soul, a loner, and therefore you have an intrinsic connection with Mr. Oldham."

Tower Records Top

"This is the perfect crashing record after, say, the Mekons' *Fear and Whisky* has fueled a night of debauched revelry."

Jim Maenic, *The Providence Phoenix*

"Oldham has recruited a stellar cast of lo-fi suspects to help out: Steve Albini (producing with very uncharacteristic subtlety), Sebadoh's Jason Loewenstein and Plush's Liam Hayes, among others. He has expanded his sound - previously shaky, fragmented meta-country - to a richer mix of strafed and plucked guitars, jagged pianos and humming synths, so a song like "More Brother Rides" can lock into a loose, spacey groove, and roll plangently on and on to eternity. More or less."

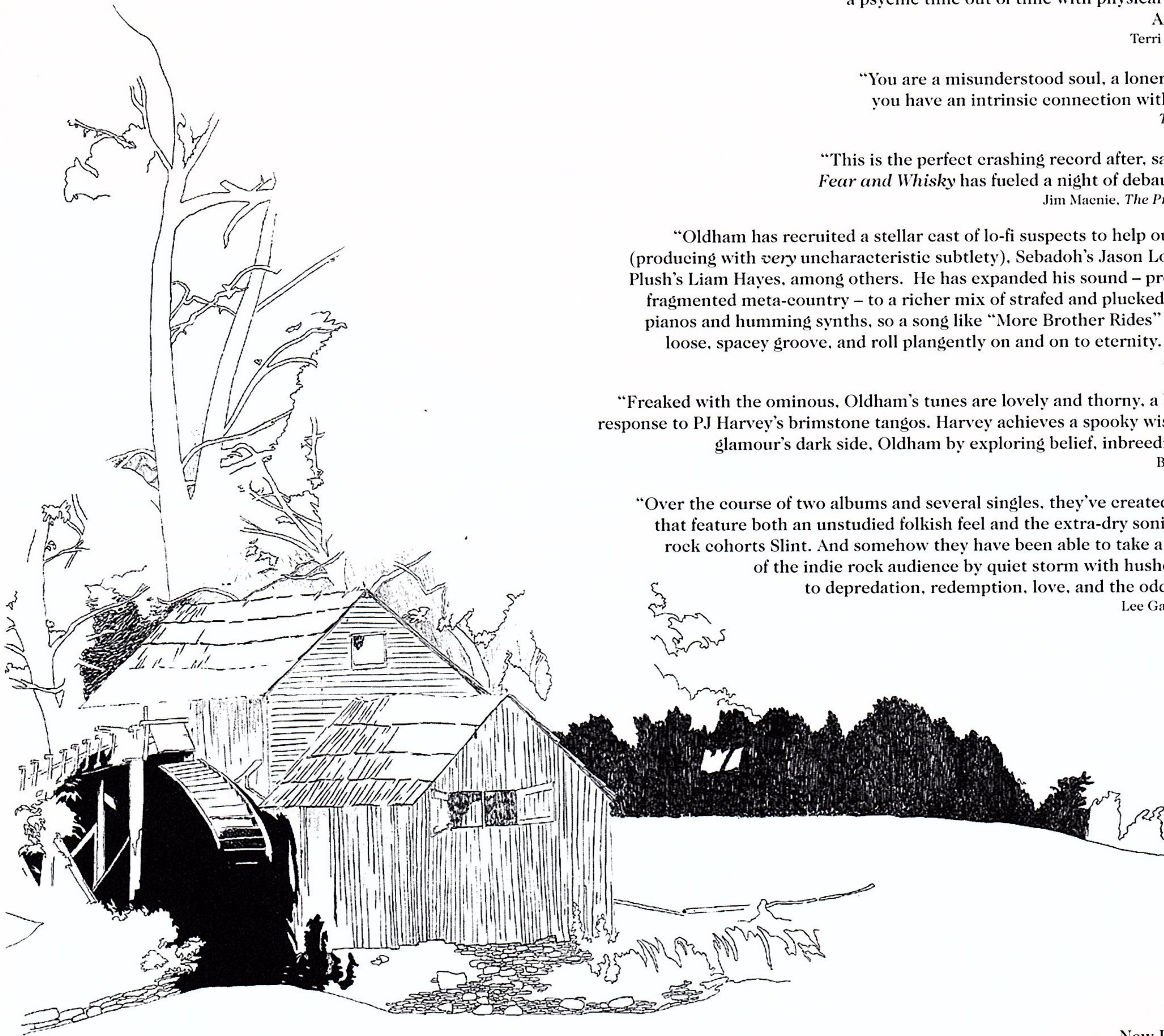
John Mulvey, *NME*

"Freaked with the ominous, Oldham's tunes are lovely and thorny, a bible-belt punk response to PJ Harvey's brimstone tangos. Harvey achieves a spooky wisdom by coring glamour's dark side, Oldham by exploring belief, inbreeding, and calm."

Bruce Hainley, *Spin*

"Over the course of two albums and several singles, they've created performances that feature both an unstudied folkish feel and the extra-dry sonics of Louisville rock cohorts Slint. And somehow they have been able to take a goodly portion of the indie rock audience by quiet storm with hushed rural paeans to depredation, redemption, love, and the odd farm animal."

Lee Gardner, *Metro Pulse*



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